

T H E
TRANSACTIONEER

(1700)


[WILLIAM KING]



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Introduction by
ROGER D. LUND

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INTRODUCTION

IN THE WORDS of Theophilus Cibber, one of William King's earliest biographers, *The Transactioneer With some of his Philosophical Fancies: In Two Dialogues* (London, 1700) was "one of the . . . merriest Satires that ever was written in Prose."¹ It is certainly one of the cleverest burlesques of the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society and stands with Butler's *The Elephant in the Moon*, Shadwell's *The Virtuoso*, and Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* as one of the most telling assaults on the antics of the modern virtuosi and the pretensions of the Royal Society. As King's editor, John Nichols, remarks, *The Transactioneer* had "in many places discovered the vulnerable heel of Achilles."² John Ray, one of Britain's foremost naturalists, condemned the work as "a scurrilous pamphlet," and the Royal Society attempted to discover and to prosecute the anonymous author.³

King (1663-1712) focuses his attack on Sir Hans Sloane, secretary of the Royal Society. It is not entirely clear why Sloane should have irritated King so deeply (personal animosity does not seem to have been the cause), but so profound was King's distaste for Sloane that he attacked him again in his *Useful Transactions in Philosophy* (1709). What seems likely is that, as the secretary of the Royal Society and a famous collector of curiosities and objects of "virtu," Sloane stood as a prominent and convenient symbol of the ridiculous and inconsequential behavior of the modern virtuoso. And as an editor of the *Philosophical Transactions* (he signed the dedications from 1695 through 1713), Sloane was personally responsible for its content, thus making himself the natural target for King's assault on scientific writing of the age.⁴

Like Swift, King was a lifelong defender of the ancients against the moderns, and *The Transactioneer* grows naturally out of the Phalaris controversy in which King joined fellow

Christ Church wits Francis Atterbury and Charles Boyle in their satiric assault on the pedantry and ill-manners of Richard Bentley.⁵ King continued the attack in *Dialogues of the Dead* (1699), where he refers laughingly to Bentley as "Ricardo" and "Bentivoglio" and mocks his philological punctilio, magnifies his manic enthusiasm for all things modern, and systematically trivializes his arguments through sustained *reductio ad absurdum* and calculated misquotation. Of Bentley's rather extensive work in ancient chronology, King's ironic spokesman remarks, "There was not a potter in Athens or a brazier in Corinth but he knows when he set up and who took out a statute of bankrupt against him."⁶

King attacks vices by which he was himself beset. Like Bentley, he was a natural scholar, with the acquisitive instincts of a literary magpie. During his leisurely and extended stay at Christ Church, King claims to have read and annotated over twenty-two thousand books and manuscripts. And even a cursory review of the "Adversaria," the transcription of King's reading notes, reveals his tendency to isolate the most inconsequential, curious, or bizarre features of the works he had read. One finds this fascination with the triviality of modern learning in King's first satirical work, *A Journey to London In the Year, 1698* (1698), which burlesques Martin Lister's chatty and circumstantial *A Journey to Paris in the Year 1698*. In the words of King's narrator, it is a "tract . . . written chiefly to satisfy my own curiosity," a curiosity sated by the observation of cellar windows, weeds, household utensils, and the "several commodities fitting for the ease and support of human life, as counterfeit pearl necklaces, fans, tooth-picks, and tooth-pick cases, and especially prunes."⁷ With a mordant literal-mindedness that reminds the modern reader of Gulliver at his most obtuse, King's narrator remarks that while in London he went to see an old woman: "she was 91 years of age. I was surprised to find her body in ruins. It was a perfect mortification to see the sad decays of Nature."⁸ Like Swift, King is fascinated by the moral implications of modern style. And like Swift, he sets out to capture that peculiar blend of enthusiasm and obliquity which marks the modern pursuit of the trivial.

This dual focus on the trivial objects of modern attention and the vitiated style in which they are described lies at the heart of *The Transactioneer*. Here King treats his satiric hero, Sir Hans Sloane, "under two Characters: as an Author and an Editor. In the former I have consider'd his own personal Capacity: In the other, his Judgment in the choice of his Friends, and of the Discourses that he Publishes" (sig. A2r). In the first dialogue, a Gentleman (King's spokesman) engages in polite debate with a Virtuoso, who defends Sloane's practice as editor of the *Philosophical Transactions*. In the second, he engages the Transactioneer (Sloane) directly. In both dialogues the Gentleman asks naïve and apparently well-meaning questions which elicit a series of self-incriminating answers from the Virtuoso and the Transactioneer, all of which cast doubt on the abilities of Sir Hans Sloane as editor of the *Philosophical Transactions* and on the program of the Royal Society as a whole. King adopts the satiric persona of a friend of the Royal Society who is "mov'd by the Respect I have for Natural Studies" and offended by "the trifling and shallow Management of one [Sloane] who wants every Qualification that is requisite for such a Post" (sigs. A2v-A3r).

Perhaps the best commentary on King's satiric purpose in *The Transactioneer* is to be found in King's later assault on Sir Hans Sloane in his *Useful Transactions in Philosophy*, part 3 (1709), a parody of Sloane's *Voyage to Jamaica*. Presenting the travel narrative of one "Jasper Van Slonenburgh, a Learned Mem[b]ler of the Royal Virtuosi of Great Britain," King satirizes the empty circumstantiality of Sloane's "plain style" and mocks the scientists' claim that "it is truth that Natural Philosophers must search after, and not ornamental expressions." The publisher of Slonenburgh's travels confesses that many of the things described by the author "may seem at first to be trivial, yet contain in them great penetration of thought and depth of judgement. By these means philosophers search into the recesses of Nature."⁹

The Royal Society took great pride in its advancement of "Real Knowledge,"¹⁰ contrasting the solidity of its own experimental discoveries with the insubstantiality of ancient wisdom. Like Butler, Shadwell, and Swift, King suggests that the

discoveries of the Royal Society are far less substantial than they claim to be. *The Transactioneer's* table of contents, with such headings as "Mr. Ray's Definition of a Dil—oe"; "A Foetus 16 Years in Utero"; "A Lamb Suckled by a Weather"; "Martial Discipline of Grasshop[p]ers"; and "A stout Butchers Dog that run under a Bed," suggests just how seriously King regarded the discoveries chronicled in the *Philosophical Transactions*. He laughs at Sloane's mania for collecting specimens. The Virtuoso boasts that Sloane "hath not so much as ne[g]lected an Ear-picker or a Rusty Razor, for he values any thing that comes from the *Indies* or *China* at a high Rate; for were it but a Pebble, or a Cockle-shell from thence, he'd soon write a Comment upon it, and perpetuate its Memory upon a Copper-plate" (14-15).

Indeed, the Gentleman's question "But pray of what use are the *China* Ear-pickers of, in the way of Knowledge?" (15) measures Sloane by standards he had himself helped to erect. Throughout *The Transactioneer*, King's satire returns to the question of whether the *Philosophical Transactions* can be said to offer substantial new discoveries or whether they serve to encourage and perpetuate the hobbies and enthusiasms of a small coterie of philosophical dilettantes. The Transactioneer remarks that the initials F.R.S. are "my way of Rewarding my Friends and Benefactors. We now begin to call it Our Royal-Society" (33). When the Gentleman inquires what is gained by the discovery that the fossilized tongue of a fish dug up in Maryland resembles one "taken from the *Pastinaca Marina*, frequent in the Seas of Jamaica" (19), he is told that he mistakes the design: "it was never intended to advance Natural Knowledge; For who's the wiser for knowing that the Bones of a dead Fish have been dug up, or where? No, the true use of the Story is to amuse the Ignorant; for if they Talk of things that are out of the way; we presently make an Harangue about the *Mandibulum* of a *Pastinaca Marina* found Fossile in Mary-Land, and then they are silenced at an instant" (19).

The Transactioneer is filled with examples of gossip, old-wives' tales, and apocryphal wisdom which, because they have been translated to the pages of Sloane's *Philosophical Transactions*, have assumed the status of "Real Knowledge." King's

comment in the *Useful Transactions in Philosophy* that in Sloane's travel writing "the observations, which run sometimes a little upon *the nasty*, are made from the meanest actions of mankind, and the very dregs of Nature,"¹¹ might serve as commentary on *The Transactioneer* as well. The *Transactioneer* praises James Pettiver's "*Specimens of Modern Magnificence*," which includes a collection of "*Snails, and Beetles, Caterpillars, Spiders, and others of the like sort . . . Rushes, Thistles, Mosses, with abundance more of equal worth*" (35). Boasting of his skills in physic, the *Transactioneer* describes his acquaintance with one Charles Worth, an apothecary who, having eaten a pie made from the poppy plant, "*was presently taken with such a kind of a Dilirium, as made him fancy that most that he saw was Gold, and calling for a Chamber-pot, being a White Earthen one, after having purged by stool into it; he broke it into peices, and bid the by-standers to save them, for they were all Gold*" (39). When questioned about the extreme particularity of this episode, the *Transactioneer* replies that such details are absolutely necessary. For had his correspondent "only told us, that the Herb Purged and caused a *Dilirium*, how must we have known that he made use of an Earthen-Chamber-Pot, that he purged into it, and then broke it" (39-40). When the Gentleman persists in asking what such information can possibly contribute to natural knowledge, the *Transactioneer's* reply—"pray, Does not a Man know more that knows the Chamber-Pot was broke, than he that hears of a *Dilirium*, and Purging?" (40)—incarnates that myopic affection for inconsequential fact so often noted by Augustan satirists of the Royal Society. While the Virtuoso and the *Transactioneer* are quick to detail what the Royal Society has presumably discovered, they have no answer whatsoever to King's persistent question, but why? In this respect, they are the direct ancestors of those virtuosi of Lagado, proud to have spun cloth from spiderwebs or to have bred flocks of naked sheep.

King pays particular attention to Sloane's "Remarkable Observations in Physick and Chirurgery" (49), including his insistence that "*Many in the High-lands . . . do venture to cut the Uvula off when they are troubled with it; and prescribe*

for a Remedy thereafter, a peice of Bread and Cheese" (51) and his astounding discovery that coughs must be caused by the docking of boats because "*the Inhabitants of St. Kilda are every Summer infected with a Cough upon the Chamberlins Landing*" (52-53). The Transactioneer seems to be particularly charmed by obstetric anomalies. He cites a description in the *Philosophical Transactions*, number 233, of a woman "*seven years bringing forth a Child Bone by Bone, and all by the Fundament*" (54). He takes pride in having described an infant born with "*Two Heads,*" one of which was "*a Bag resembling the Hood of a Benedictine Monk*" (56), and he mentions another "*Account of a Child born without a Brain, which had it lived long enough would have made an Excellent Publisher of Philosophical Transactions*" (56). When the Gentleman suggests that perhaps the Transactioneer has been fooled by correspondents in the field and asks what reasons can be given to justify their reliability, the Transactioneer replies: "Reason! Psha! I don't trouble my self to enquire after the Reason of every thing that's told me; if I should, I should have Work enough to find Reasons for every thing that's Communicated in the Transactions" (55).

Not only does King ridicule the triviamongering of modern science; he also attacks the style of the *Philosophical Transactions* themselves. In the process, he questions the dubious achievement of their editor, Sir Hans Sloane, while poking fun at the Royal Society's program for reforming modern prose. For, as the Transactioneer insists, to imitate the Royal Society is "*to speak in the Language of the Moderns*" (74). Sprat's *History of the Royal Society* (1667) published the intention "*to return back to the primitive purity, and shortness, when men deliver'd so many things, almost in an equal number of words.*"¹² Sprat boasted that the Royal Society had "*exacted from all their members, a close, naked, natural way of speaking; positive expressions; clear senses; a native easiness; bringing all things as near the Mathematical plainness, as they can: and preferring the language of Artizans, Countrymen, and Merchants, before that, of Wits, or Scholars.*"¹³ As the editor of the *Philosophical Transactions*, Sloane presumably embodied these aspirations. Yet, as King's ironic spokes-

man observes, "All who read his *Tran[s]actions* either in *England*, or beyond the Seas, cry out that the Subjects which he writes on are generally so ridiculous and mean: and he treats of them so emptily; and in a S[t]yle so confused and unintelligible, that it is plain he's so far from any usefull Knowledge, that he wants even common Grammar" (sig. A3r).

Sprat had claimed that the members of the Royal Society had cleansed their writings of all "amplifications, digressions, and swellings of style,"¹⁴ but here Sloane is lauded for a style that is "prodigiously sublime," so that even those members of the Royal Society who follow its program, "who imitate *Bacon*, *Boyle*, or Men of that Character" (3), find it hard to understand the *Philosophical Transactions*. "[F]or there the Expressions are suitable to the Sublimity of the Subjects, and consequently mighty Mysterious, and above the reach of these Gentlemen" (3). As the faithful, if dim-witted, partisan of Sir Hans Sloane, the Virtuoso consistently defends his worst obfuscations. When the Gentleman impatiently asks, "What wou'd the drift of this be did the Author put it into English," the Virtuoso replies: "I see Sir you are altogether a Stranger to the Language of our Author's Writings and the present *Philosophical Transactions*, otherwise you would easily have known the meaning of all this" (7). No one, King suggests, not the general reader, not Sprat's artisans, countrymen, and merchants, not even the trained scientists themselves, could possibly know "the meaning of all this."

In the preface to *The Transactioneer*, King argues that "his [Sloane's] own Words will be the best Proof of what I say, and I have been so carefull in producing them, that I defie him to shew he is once Misrepresented. Nay, there is so little need of that, that I challenge any Man with all his Art to imitate the Bulls and Blunders which he so naturally pours forth" (sig. A3r). King exaggerates, of course. He misquotes the *Philosophical Transactions*; conflates passages not necessarily related; and omits significant information when it might mitigate the apparent foolishness of the incident in question, all in the interest of making Sloane look as ridiculous as possible. Yet none of the incidents recounted in *The Transactioneer* is a complete fabrication, with the possible exception of his

description of the use of hog's dung to wash clothes, hence the proverb "*In Lincolnshire, where the Hogs sh— Soap, and the Cows sh — Fire*" (66-67). Indeed, King's careful annotation of the passages he burlesques clearly invites the reader to consult the *Philosophical Transactions* in order to admire both the cleverness of his parody and his essential fidelity to the spirit (if not the letter) of the original.

Throughout *The Transactioneer* King mocks Sloane's "strange Tallent at Stile" (4) and criticizes him for his skill "in coining Words" (12) and for the "Prolixity" of his "*Philosophical Description*" (58). When the Gentleman asks the Transactioneer to explain a particularly tortuous passage from the *Philosophical Transactions*, the Transactioneer replies that, just as "amongst the *Beauxs* a careless Dress is the most admired, so we Philosophers signalize our selves, by a careless use of Language" (81). Perhaps most important, King emphasizes the sheer tautology which lies at the heart of many of the reports included in the *Transactions* by Sir Hans Sloane. When asked what inferences he makes of the effects of "*Cynocrambe*," an herb he had described in the *Transactions*, the Transactioneer replies, "Why, from the Effects of this Plant, I draw this Inference, That *whether the Quantity or Quality of this Herb were the Cause of its Effects*, I know not, but think that every Body will do well to be cautious and wary in the use of it in such Quantities, after such a Warning" (44). As if following Sprat's program to the letter, the Transactioneer has succeeded in delivering "so many things, almost in an equal number of words." And, King implies, the world is hardly better off for it.

King's satiric method is perhaps best described by Isaac Disraeli, himself a purveyor of literary curiosities: "[King] took advantage of their [the *Philosophical Transactions*'] perplexed and often unintelligible descriptions; of the meanness of their style . . . ; of their credulity that heaped up marvels, and their vanity that prided itself on petty discoveries, and invented a new species of satire."¹⁵ Disraeli may exaggerate the extent of King's innovations: after all, his assault on modern science was not entirely new. Yet in its clever amalgamation of parody, quotation, comic dialogue, and satiric fantasy,

The Transactioneer provides a pattern whose outlines may be seen in *Gulliver's Travels*, *A Tale of a Tub*, *The Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, and *The Dunciad*.

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Syracuse, New York

NOTES TO THE INTRODUCTION

1. Theophilus Cibber, *The Lives of the Poets of Great Britain and Ireland To the Time of Dean Swift*, 5 vols. (London, 1753), 3:229n.

2. *The Original Works of William King*, ed. John Nichols, 3 vols. (London, 1776), 1:xiv-xv.

3. Quoted in E. St. John Brooks, *Sir Hans Sloane: The Great Collector and His Circle* (London: Batchworth Press, 1954), 109. For the Royal Society's reaction to *The Transactioneer*, see Joseph M. Levine, *Dr. Woodward's Shield: History, Science, and Satire in Augustan England* (Berkeley, Los Angeles, and London: University of California Press, 1977), 85-86.

4. Brief summaries of the editorial responsibilities for the *Philosophical Transactions* are given in Dorothy Stimson, *Scientists and Amateurs: A History of the Royal Society* (1948; reprint, New York: Greenwood Press, 1968), 69, and Henry Lyons, *The Royal Society, 1660-1940* (1944; reprint, New York: Greenwood Press, 1968), 85. Levine points out that there were serious doubts about Sloane's editorship within the Royal Society itself, that "it was particularly distressing to discover that the Society had voluntarily relinquished its control over the *Transactions* to the secretary, who had *carte blanche* to print what he liked—and reject the rest" (*Dr. Woodward's Shield*, 86).

5. On King's role in the controversy with Bentley over the authenticity of the *Epistles of Phalaris*, see Frederick M. Keener, *English Dialogues of the Dead: A Critical History, An Anthology, and a Check List* (New York and London: Columbia University Press, 1973), 38-48; Colin J. Horne, "The Phalaris Controversy: King versus Bentley,"

Review of English Studies 22 (1946): 289-303; Ernest Eugene Weeks, "The Life and Times of William King" (Ph.D. diss., Columbia University, 1965).

6. *A Miscellany of the Wits*, ed. K. N. Colvile (London: Philip Allan & Co., 1920), 60.

7. *Ibid.*, 3, 6.

8. *Ibid.*, 20.

9. *Original Works of William King*, 2:132, 135.

10. See "The Preface," *Philosophical Transactions* . . . Vol. XVII. *For the Year 1693* (London, 1694).

11. *Original Works of William King*, 2:135.

12. Thomas Sprat, *History of the Royal Society*, ed. Jackson I. Cope and Harold Whitmore Jones (St. Louis: Washington University Studies, 1958), 113. For a more detailed discussion of King's assault on Sloane's style, see my "'More Strange than True': Sir Hans Sloane, King's *Transactioneer*, and the Deformation of English Prose," *Studies in Eighteenth-Century Culture* 14 (1985): 213-30.

13. Sprat, *History*, 113.

14. *Ibid.*

15. Isaac Disraeli, *Calamities and Quarrels of Authors* (London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co., n.d.), 358-59.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

The Transactioneer (1700) is reproduced from a copy of the first edition in the Clark Library (Shelf Mark: *PR3539/K67T7). A typical type page (7) measures 152 x 71 mm. Page 68 is misnumbered 98.

T H E
TRANSACTIONEER

With some of his

Philosophical Fancies :

I N T W O

D I A L O G U E S

Ὁντα ἀγαν μυσήρα.
—*Adag. ap. Erasmi.*

L O N D O N;

Printed for the Booksellers of *London*
and *Westminster.* 1700.

THE P R E F A C E.

BY the following Dialogues it is Apparent, that by Industry alone a Man may get so much Reputation almost in any Profession as shall be sufficient to amuse the World, tho' he has neither Parts nor Learning to support it. The Person who makes the Chief Figure in them, has certainly nothing but a bustling temper to recommend him, and yet has gained so much upon many People, that they will scarce believe the Evidence of their own Senses ; but 'tis probable that those who are not past cure may now be undeceiv'd.

I have treated him under two Characters : as an Author and an Editor. In the former I have consider'd his own personal Capacity : In the other, his Judgment in the choice of his Friends, and of the Discourses that he Publishes.

I know it may be said, he Writes in Hurry, and has not time to correct and finish it. But then who obliges him to Write at all ? What occasion is there for it ? Or what is the use of

The Preface.

it? Besides he Publishes Notes forsooth, and Peices of no more than 4,6, or perhaps 8 lines; and what time can there be required for the Compofal of such? 'Tis plain a Man that is himself once possess'd of any Subject, can express it to another, if he has but Language. If his Head be clear, and the Things rightly digested in it, there can be no Difficulty in the conveying them thence. But where a Man has no real Parts; and is Master of only Scraps pick'd up from one and from another, or Collected out of this Book or that, and these all in confusion in his Head, 'tis obvious what a Writer he must needs make. No, our *Transfessioneer* should have kept to his old way of bustling, vying with Dr. *Salmon* at Auctions, mustering up Books for a shew, and of acting by Signs, Scrapes and Wriggles. Half-Sentences, and broken Phrases, with these Assistances, pass'd pretty well upon some. But he must appear in Print, stript of them, and now all's out; the World having got at length the true Measure of his Abilities.

Perhaps it may seem strange, that I who am no Member of the R. S. should deal so freely with the Person, and some Correspondents, of one who is slipp'd into the Post of Secretary to that Illustrious Body. But I am mov'd by the Respect I have for Natural Studies, and a fear least those Men who have made such great Advances in it, and thereby gain'd the Applause of all the Learned World, should lose any part of it by the trifling and shallow Management of one who wants every Qualification that is requisite

The Preface.

requisite for such a Post. All who read his *Transactions* either in *England*, or beyond the Seas, cry out that the Subjects which he writes on are generally so ridiculous and mean : and he treats of them so emptily ; and in a Style so confused and unintelligible, that it is plain he's so far from any usefull Knowledge, that he wants even common Grammar. This is so Notorious from every line he has published, that his own Words will be the best Proof of what I say, and I have been so carefull in producing them, that I defie him to shew he is once Misrepresented. Nay, there is so little need of that, that I challenge any Man with all his Art to imitate the Bulls and Blunders which he so naturally pours forth.

His Correspondents are most of them so like himself for Learning and Understanding, that a Man may almost swear they were cast in the same Mold : Indeed he has had a very lucky hit in the choice of them.

I am sorry to see that Excellent Society in any hazard of being Eclipsed by the wretched Gambols of these People. Learned Men abroad have ever verry justly had a vast esteem for the English Society : But I find that now like to decline ; they having no other way of judging of it but by the *Philosophical Transactions*. The World every where looks on them as a kind of Journal of the R. Society, tho' there's no Ground for that Opinion ; for they were begun by Mr. *Oldenburg*, who all along declar'd the R. Society were not concern'd in those Transactions, but that they were a Work of his

The Preface.

his own and some Friends. At that time they were carry'd on in such a manner that they met every where with Approbation, and were of real use. But since this new Secretaryship all agree a more uselefs Paper no where appears, and I was concern'd that such a one should pass for a Work of the R. Society.

'Tis their Vindication that has drawn me to undertake this, and if I can but disabuse the World by it I have my end. I can truly say that I have no personal Prejudice to the present *Transactioneer* or any of his Friends ; For I am but little known to any of them. And if they now think I have no design to recommend myself to their Acquaintance, I fancy the Reader will not believe they are mistaken.

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<i>Verses on an Ele and a Pike</i>	Ibid.
<i>A Lamb Suckled by a Weather</i>	68
<i>Martial Discipline of Grasshopers</i>	69
<i>A stout Butchers Dog that run under a Bed</i>	70, 71
<i>Mr. Hone O Hones Travelling Irish Bog</i>	72
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<i>A Discourse more painful than a Blister</i>	77
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<i>Hanging Mortal 79 ——— Apoplettical</i>	ibid.
<i>The feirceness of a Sable Mouse</i>	91
<i>That a Fox is lawful, and a Fox is unlawful</i>	83
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<i>Clogs cloven with Thunder</i>	ibid.
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<i>That Coffee-Houses promote the Trade of News Papers, and make People sociable.</i>	86

DIALOGUE I.

Between a

Gentleman

AND A

VIRTUOSO.

Virtuoso. **P**RAY Sir what Philosophical News have you heard of late amongst our Friends, and what New Discoveries or Improvements have they made?

Gentleman. Truly Sir, I have scarce enquired after Philosophical News, since Dr. Plot and Mr. Oldenburg were taken from amongst us ; not but that there are a great many Men of Learning and Merit still remaining, who bear not only the Titles of *Virtuosi*, but really deserve them.

B

Virtuos.

Virtuof. And are not the Improvements they make worth enquiring after ?

Gent. Yes Sir, But, those are only communicated to Friends ; and since they have thought fit to conceal them, I know not whether I may take the liberty of divulging what is kept as Secret by the Authors.

Virtuof. Nay, whatever hath been communicated as a Secret, I shall not desire you to divulge, tho' methinks it is a pity any thing should be kept private, that might be of Publick Use, and promote Natural Knowledge : But may I take the liberty to ask you why they are unwilling to Publish them.

Gent. Since you desire me to tell you the Reasons ; I shall acquaint you with them as far as I am able.

Virtuof. Sir, I shall esteem it a singular Favour.

Gent. Then you must know Sir, these Gentlemen have that vast Opinion of the present *Philosophical Transactions*, and the Papers communicated therein, that they are unwilling to Publish their poor Discoveries or Improvements, amongst Subjects so Noble in themselves, and so accurately writ.

Virtuof.

Virtuof. Truly their Caution is but requisite, for in the Late Transactions, most of the Subjects are indeed most prodigiously sublime ; and penn'd too in a Wonderous manner, So that it is a hard matter for the generallity of *Virtuosi*, who imitate *Bacon*, *Boyle*, or Men of that Character, to write in the Language observable in most of those Papers ; for there the Expressions are suitable to the Sublimity of the Subjects, and consequently mighty Mysterious, and above the reach of these Gentlemen.

Gent. Yes Sir, The Sublimity of the Stile makes it inaccessible to those that are not accustomed to such Flights.

Virtuof. Why, 'tis no wonder, for you must know the Philosophical Transactions come through the Hands of one ; who takes care that every thing be nobly and clearly expressed ; and by his own Writings, which so plentifully adorn those Papers, One may see, he is abundantly Qualified for the Task he has taken upon him.

The Compiling the Transactions - the Work of a single Person,

Gent. Pray are not the Philosophical Transactions then Published by direction of the *Royal Society*.

Virtuof. No, no, Sir, far from it, that lies all upon one Mans Head ; and 'tis happy he has so good a Head-peice.

Gent. May one be so bold as to ask the Compilers Name?

Virtuof. I suppose you cannot but have heard of one who is so famous and keeps Correspondence with so many Learned Men, his Name is sufficiently known amongst the Learned.

Gent. If I guess right at the Man; I must needs say, I have heard a great many mighty things said of him; very fine things indeed! And much to his Renown.

The Excellency of
his Stile.

Virtuof. O Sir, he's a great Man; for besides his wonderful Skill in Physick and Philosophy, he has a strange Talent at Stile, his Knack at that is admirable; to convince you of this, I shall refer you to the *Philosophical Transactions*, Numb. 252. p. 188. where you will find, the following *Representation of a Limestone Marble found in Wales, when polished*; so his Intelligencer Phrases it.

Gent. Admirable indeed!

Virtuof. Why! There lies the Rarity of the Thing, for an ordinary Reader would think it was polished before it was found. But Sir, the Transactioneer himself far outstrips him in his Note upon this remarkable peice; take it in his own Words. *This Stone*

Stone is a sort of Coral, and the Lapidis Astroitidis sive stellaris primum Genus. Boet de Boadt, or Astroites Worm, Mus. It grows in the Seas adjoyning to Jamaica ; It is frequently found fossile in England. I have some of it found here that will polish as well as Agat, which was many Years since found out by Mr. Beaumont. There are many other things growing in the Seas adjoyning to Jamaica, and not to be found in these Parts, which are frequently dug up in the Inland Parts of England, and elsewhere, where they do not naturally grow.

Gent. Pray Sir let me desire you to give me the meaning of what you have related in plain English, for the Sublimity of this way of Expression is above my mean Capacity.

Virtuof. The Dignity of the Subject will by no means admit of it ; besides it will be an injustice and lessening of the Authors performance.

Gent. However for Discourse sake pray let me ask you, What he means by that proposition this *Stone is a Coral*?

Virtuof. O Sir, His meaning is very apparent. 'Tis as much as if one should say, this Elephant is an Apple-Tree. Now I hope 'tis plain? There are some tatling People likewise that say, they can't tell what he means

means by *Astroitidis* neither : They say there is no president of any such word ; but if they look into the *Jamaican Catalogue* they'll find thousands of like kind. Why a Person of his Figure may make Presidents Man ! For what follows, one poor simple Fellow that read it thought it had been a Charm.

Genl. Verry like ! But pray Sir how are we to interpret him, when he says, the *Limestone Marble* that was found in *Wales* and was a *Coral*, and the *Lapidis*, and the Lord knows what, grew in the Seas adjoining to *Jamaica* ? Besides what he has about its being found and found again has almost confounded me I must confess. His *Intelligencer* says, 'twas found in *Wales*. He, that it grows in the Seas of *Jamaica* : That it is frequently found Fossile (mark the Phrase) in *England* : That he has some of it found here, which was many years since found out by *Mr. Beaumont* : That there are many things found in the Seas of *Jamaica*, not to be found in these Parts, (i. e. in *England*) which are frequently to be dug up in the *Inland* Parts of *England*, where yet after all they do not grow. This in my sense is to say it was found in *Wales* but grew in *Jamaica* : 'Twas frequently found in *England*, and by way of reinforcement 'twas found here, and many years since found. And that there are many things growing in those Seas, not found in these Parts of *England*, which are

are frequently dug up (or found) in the Inland parts of England, where yet they do not grow, or are not found. This to a Man of Ordinary Understanding is pretty odd! What wou'd the drift of this be did the Author put it into English.

Virtuos. I see Sir you are altogether a Stranger to the Language of our Author's Writings and the present *Philosophical Transactions*, otherwise you would easily have known the meaning of all this. Had you read them as often as I, our way of expressing our selves would have been a little more familiar to you, therefore have but recourse to 'em, and your difficulties will vanish, mean while to proceed to other Instances of the Excellency and Perfections of our Authors Stile. *Numb.* 237. p. 52. We are informed, That the Herb taken by Dampier to be Jewes Ear is the *Lichen terrestris cinereus* described by Mr. Ray,—— and grows in most barren places about London, and all over England.

Gent. I thought Barren places had not been so well stocked with Herbs.

Virtuos. Strange ! What it is to be unacquainted with a Modern Stile. You altogether misapprehend the Authors peculiar way of expressing himself.

Gent. I must confess I don't well understand

derstand it; for I thought that since they grew in Barren Places and all over *England*, the Author had thought all *England* Barren.

Virtuos. No, by no means, all *England* is not Barren; but I shall leave the Author to explain himself, I shall rather proceed to other Instances of our Transaction-Writer's great Abilities. I suppose you have heard of *Jamaica* Pepper. See *Transaction* Numb. 192. p. 464.

Gent. Yes Sir, every Kitchen Girl about the Town knows *Jamaica* Pepper. But why do you ask me that Question?

His Genius in Poetry. *Virtuos.* Because if you had not heard of it I should have given you a fuller account of it. But since you know it already, I shall entertain you with a Copy of Verses upon it, writ by our Author.

*Myrtus Arborea foliis laurinis aromatica :
sive*

Piementa, Jamaica Pepper or all-Spice-Tree.
*This Tree hath a Trunk as thick as ones
Thigh,*

Rising streight for about 30 foot High :

Gent. Most excellent Poetry indeed!

Virtuos. Yes Sir, It is a mixture of designed Poetry and Accidental Poetry.

Geni.

Gent. Pray what distinction do you make betwixt designed and Accidental Poetry.

Virtuos. Why, the two First Verses were designed for Verses, but the Third and Fourth were writ for Prose; and happened to be Poetical; according to our Author's Genius.

Gent. In what Parts of *Jamaica* does this Tree grow?

Virtuos. It grows on the hilly Parts of the *Politicks* Island of *Jamaica*, but chiefly on the North-^{in Garden-} side thereof; and wheresoever these Trees^{ing.} grow, they are generally left standing when others are felled, or they are sometimes planted where they never grew, because of the great Profit from the cur'd fruit.

Gent. The Truth of the Matter is, these Gardiners are generally Politicians in their Way; for if I misremember not the same measures are generally taken in *England*; for Apple and Cherry-Trees are generally left standing, and planted sometimes where they never grew, tho' other sort of Trees are felled down and burnt, and not otherwise regarded. But now you talk of Gardening; Skill in Bo if I remember right, I have heard that canicks. this same Learned Gentleman is a great Botanist.

Virtuos. An Extraordinary one! Numb.

182. he gives the following just Account of the *Arbor Baccifera, laurifolia, aromatica Fructu viridi calyculato ramoso, The Bark consists of two parts one outward, and another inward.*

Gent. That's common to all Barks, for I know none but it hath an outside and an inside.

Virtuos. But you misapprehend; this Bark is different from all others, for 'tis Two Barks; our Author uses Parts and Barks as synonymous Terms.

Gent. But how will your Author make the Bark, Two Barks?

Virtuos. This he does by dividing the word Bark in Two Parts, and then calling each of those Parts a Bark, for says he, *The outward Bark is thin as a milled Shilling, the inward Bark being as thick as a milled Crown piece.* Mark the aptness of the Similies. But the Excellency of our Author in describing Plants will be much more evident if we look upon what follows, for a little after he adds, *The ends of the Twigs are branched into bunches of Flowers, standing something like Umbels, each of which hath a Foot-stalk, on the Top of which is a Calix made up of some foliola, in which stand Five Purple Petala, within which is a Large Stylus.*

Gent.

Gent. Pray where lies the Excellency of all this ? The Style is so lofty I am not able to discern it.

Virtuos. The Excellency ! Where should it lie but in *the Umbels, the Calix, the Foliola, and the Purple Petala* ; these are high *flowing Words, and not common English*. But to proceed, *To these follow so many Calyculated Berries*.

Gent. Pray what's the meaning of *Calyculated Berrios* ?

Virtuos. It's only a Term of our Author's.

Gent. And is not the Phrase (*To these follow*) your Author's too.

Virtuos. Yes, Yes, a peculiar Phrase of his own.

Gent. Indeed he is a happy Man in forming new Phrases, and in coining of Words.

Virtuos. Our Friend Mr. Ray Sir, is every whit as happy at Invention, for Numb. 221. in his Account of our Author's Catalogue of Jamaica Plants, he not only tells us, that the Dr. *resolves many Doubts and Difficulties in it* relating to the *Toddy-Tree*, the *Sower-sop*, the *Bonavists*, and the *Dildoe*. But to make it more useful and entertaining, has added this very Learned Note of his own. *Ceterum Dildoe nonnullis Priapum si-*

Atitium significat, quo effrenis lascivæ mulierculæ abuti solent ad nefariæ quoddam libidinis genus seu coitum umbratilem exercendum.

The Author's Sagacity and Skill in Physick.

But why do I insist so much upon our Author's Skill in coining Words and in Botanicks, since his Skill in Physick alone would be enough to establish a lasting Reputation for him, for Numb. 238. He hath by his great Sagacity and Skill in that Art, not only discovered *Ipecacuanha* to be *harmless and helpful*, but——

Gent. O dear Sir, you need insist no longer on that Topick, he must be a Man of a wonderful Sagacity, and Skill to discover that a *helpful* Medicine was *harmless*,

Virtuof. I profess, it argues much clearness of Judgment, and insight into the Fa-brick and Constitution of a Human Body. But for a farther Confirmation of his profound Judgment, I shall add, a Caution he hath seasonably given to the World, relating to the use of *Cynocrambe*, see Numb. 203. for *Matthews and his Wife and Three Children*, having been lately very ill and like to dye by eating too much of it. Our Learned Annotator, gives the following Advice, *Whether the Quality or Quantity of this Herb were the Cause of its Effects I know not, but I think, that every body will do well to be cautious and wary in the use of it in such Quantities after such a warning.*

Gent.

Gent. Truly, I think, the Author has done extraordinary well to caution the World; for if it had such dreadful Effects upon *Matthews* and his Wife; it would have been a great Reflection upon the Prudence of such People, as, through Indiscretion, should have suffered by it, *after so fair a warning*, for want of this Caution.

Virtuos. The Doctor could have no other end in it, besides the good of Mankind and his own Reputation. Which Considerations have induced him to publish much more for the benefit of Mankind; for after he hath informed us, *That there are many People who are of Opinion, that the swallowing Stones or Pebbles is very beneficial to the Health, because they see Birds languish unless they swallow Gravel or small Stones.* He adds, *I was consulted, but was always against this Practice in Men, for I knew one that dyed by the use of them.* Now what a vast insight into the Effects of Non-Naturals upon Human Bodies must a Man have to be thus aware of them. *I was always against the use of them*, says he, *because I knew one who suffered by them.*

Gent. Every Body must own he is a great Man in his way.

Virtuos. In his way? He's a great Man in every thing; he's Universally Qualify'd
A great Botanist, a great Physitian, a great
Philoso.

Philosopher, a great Man, and a great Naturalist.

Gent. Pray what hath he done in that Way.

Virtuof. Done, Sir, he hath exceeded the Age in every thing, he hath been so Curious that nothing almost has pass'd him.

Discove-
ries in Na-
tural Hi-
story.

Gent. What are the most Considerable Passages in Natural History, which he hath taken notice of ?

Virtuof. The first piece I shall mention is, an Account of a *China Cabinet*. This Sir, is a Rarity that few People have thought worth their while to write Dissertations about, or indeed, worth their Notice ; but I can assure you, our Virtuoso, who is indeed the wonder of his Age, values it at a high Rate, and hath taken care to adorn several of the Transactions with an Account of its Contents and hath Graven them curiously upon Copper Plates, see *Transf.* Numb. 346.

Gent. O dear ! a great deal of Curiosity must needs lye in those things : And the Curiosity of the Dr. as well as his Humility in stooping to take notice of such Trifles is very Commendable.

Virtuof. Sir, He hath not so much as neglected an Ear-picker or a Rusty Razor, for he values

values any thing that comes from the *Indies* or *China* at a high Rate; for were it but a Pebble, or a Cockle-shell from thence, he'd soon write a Comment upon it, and perpetuate its Memory upon a Copper-plate.

Gent. Pray do you remember whose Picture that is, that is Graven among the Razors and Tooth-pickers, what is it the Author's?

Virtuos. Fie! No, It's a *Chineffes* Eigure, wherein is represented one of that Nation, using one of these Instruments (that is an Ear-picker) and expressing great satisfaction therein. See *Transact.* Numb. 246.

Gent. A great deal of satisfaction, indeed for a Man to stand picking his Ears? But pray of what use are the *China* Ear-pickers of, in the way of Knowledge?

Virtuos. Why, the Learned Author hath made this useful Comment upon it, says he, *Whatever pleasure the Chineses may take in thus picking their Ears. I am certain most People in these Parts who have had their Hearing impaired, have had such Misfortunes first come to them, by picking their Ears too much.*

Gent. Why then were they brought into these Parts, if they be of such mischievous Consequence?

Virtuos.

Virtuos. The chief design was to entertain the Philosophical Secretary; for he took as much satisfaction in looking upon the Ear-Picker as the *Chinese* could do in picking his Ears. And truly I think that Learned Naturalist is obliged in Gratitude to make some futable Return of our English Rarities to the *Chinese*. And I hope in time to see in the *Philosophical Transactions*, not only the Pictures and Descriptions of all the old Razors and ill-shapen Knives in *China*; but it is to be hoped that the Rarities of our own Country will be taken into Consideration, and likewise their Pictures curiously engraven upon Copper.

Gent. Yes by all means; especially since they may be purchased at so cheap a Rate; for any Cobbler about the Town will be willing to communicate an odd figured Knife to a Curious Person if it may any way contribute to the Advancement of Natural Knowledge.

Virtuos. Contribute to the Advancement of Natural Knowledge? There's no doubt of it, or any thing of less moment; for there is not an odd coloured or an ill shapen Pebble in the Kingdom, but the Secretary will manage it so as to make it contribute to the general heap of Transactions; he makes it his peculiar Business; and of late he's become one of the most compleat, I had almost said a most accomplished Naturalist.

Gent.

Gent. Truly any body in his Senses wou'd think so, for he is a Man of prodigious Qualifications, and Wonderous Natural Parts. But pray what other Rarities hath he received from *China*?

Virtuos. Numb. 247. This Learned Person gives an account of a kind of *Down* of a dark yellowish snuff colour, shining like silk, some of it a quarter of an Inch long; and that which makes it more remarkable, is, not only its being like Snuff and like Silk but it also resembles the *Lanugo* of *Scandent and Tree Ferns*, and some of our *Capillaries* at the same time.

Gent. I am afraid, it resembles so many different things at the same time that it can scarce be like it self; but what use do they make of it?

Virtuos. It is pretended, That some of the small *Down* may, by being swallowed, easily slip into the *Wind-pipe*, without choaking the Person.

Gent. That's an odd Quality indeed. But what other Rarities are described in this *China Cabinet*?

Virtuos. Page 462. Eight several Instruments made for pairing the Nails, at which in *China* the People are very curious and dex-

truous. As also an Instrument much like a Horse Curry-comb, with which they curry the Natives, as we do Horses. But besides these, our Learned Author tells us, it contained a Sea-Horse Tooth, a Pair of Brass Tweezers, a Purse made of Straw, One wide-toothed Comb, One strait-toothed Comb, an Instrument to clean the Combs, a Sheet of brown Paper from China, a Black Scarabeus, a Scarlet Butterfly, an Ash-coloured Capricorn, a Locust and a Phalæna all to pieces, a Painter's Brush, &c.

Gent. These things must needs be of great use, especially the Brass Tweezers and the Combs.

Virtuos. Of extraordinary use! and It were to be wished, says our Curious Annotator, that other Travellers into Foreign Parts, would make such Enquiries, into such Instruments and Materials that are any manner of way for the Benefit or innocent Delight of Mankind. As Tooth-pickers, Razors, Ear-pickers, &c.

Gent. I profess, we are much obliged to the Doctor, for he's a great Promoter of Philosophical and Innocent Mirth; for there is scarce any thing that is Comical and Diverting, but he takes care to place it in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

Virtuos. But these are not all the Rarities
we

we are oblig'd to the Doctor for from beyond Seas ; for says he, N. 232. *A Fellow of the College of Physitians and Royal-Society did me the favour sometime since, to shew me a considerable Number of Fossile Bones and Shells of several sorts he had lately come to his Hands from Maryland. One of these Fossiles I had the favour to carry home with me to compare with the Tongue of a Fish I had observed in Jamaica, and comparing them we found a perfect agreement of the Tongue that was dug up in Mary-land, and that taken from the Pastinaca Marina, frequent in the Seas of Jamaica. A part of one of the joints of this Tongue was dug up in England.*

Gent. Pray what does this contribute to the Advancement of Natural Knowledge?

Virtuos. You mistake the Design, it was never intended to advance Natural Knowledge; For who's the wiser for knowing that the Bones of a dead Fish have been dug up, or where? No, the true use of the Story is to amuse the Ignorant; for if they Talk of things that are out of the way; we presently make an Harangue about the *Mandibulum* of a *Pastinaca Marina* found Fossile in *Mary-Land*, and then they are silenced at an instant.

Gent. By this I perceive your Secretary is a Politician.

Virtuof. Yes, and a *Virtuoso* too, of a new Sort; for he hath Honoured several Persons of his own Kidney with the Titles of *Virtuoso's*. and it's to be hoped, they'll contribute their Mites in a little time: But Alas! most of these of his Creation are meer *Beuxes*, they are afraid of discomposing their Intellectuals by Studying.

Gent. Nothing is to be expected from them as yet: Besides, the Secretary wants not Materials for the *Transactions*.

Rarities
in the Ani-
mal King-
dom.

Virtuof. No, no, he hath Materials enough, from his Country Correspondents; and if he should not he can substitute Historical Relations pick'd up by his own Industry. As for Example, Numb. 24a. He gives us Account of one Edmund Melleon, Born at *Port Leicester*, he was *Seven Foot Six Inches high; the length of his Span Fourteen Inches; of his Cubit Two Foot Two Inches; of his Arm Three Foot Two Inches and a half; from the Shoulder to the Crown of his Head 11 and Three fourths; his Name Edmund Melleon.* How long his depending Parts were, I did not Enquire; nor whether he was Pot-bellied.

Gent. What was his Father's Name, and of what Stature?

Virtuof. What's that to *Edmund Melleon*, what his Father's Name was?

Gent.

Gent. Altogether as necessary as to know that *Melleon's* Name was *Edmund*? But I don't urge it further: Pray proceed to set forth the Excellency of the Doctor.

Virtuof. That sets forth itself: But if you please, I shall proceed to give you an Account of another Remarkable Passage taken notice of in the *Philosophical Transactions*, N. 242. for which we are oblig'd to him: In Pall-Mall at London lived one Clark, who was called the Posture Master; that had such an absolute Command of his Muscles and Joints, that he can (i. e. could) dis-joint almost all his whole Body. He was a well grown Fellow, yet he would appear in all the Deformities that can be imagined, as Hunch-backed, Pot-bellied Sharp-breasted; he dis-jointed his Arms, Shoulders, Legs and Thighs, that he will (instead of would) appear as great an Object of Pity as any Man, and he has often Impos'd on the same Company where hath been just before to give him Money, as a Cripple. He turns his Face into all shapes, so that by himself he Acts all the uncouth Faces, of a Transactioneer pausing over a China Ear-picker.

Gent. How came this Man to Act the part of a Conjurer so Naturally, what is the Secretary's Opinion of it?

Virtuof. He's of Opinion, That it depended

pended upon *bringing his Body to it, by using himself to it.*

Gent. Ah! Doubtless, if he had never been used to it he could never have done it.

Virtuof. It's an Old Saying, *That Custom makes perfect.*

Gent. Yes Sir, and therefore your Learned Author is so perfect in the Points you have mention'd ; but I suppose, you have more of his Discoveries to produce yet, they are so diverting I would scarce wish them at an end.

Virtuof. Never fear that, they are not at an end ; but I am almost weary of repeating them. However, I shall give you an Account of Two or Three things more worth your Observation. Have you any Skill in Navigation ?

Gent. Very little.

Skill in Navigation,

Virtuof. But do you think, you could Guide a Ship from *Jamaica* to *Scotland*, or *Ireland*?

Gent. I believe not.

Virtuof. Alas ! You understand very little then indeed ; for our Secretary gives us an Account of Four silly Beans that could Stear that
that

that Course ; tho' they never understood the least Navigation.

Gent. What Beans are those pray ?

Virtuos. They are frequently run a-shore on the Orkney Islands, Numb. 222. They are thrown up pretty frequently in great Numbers, and are no otherwise regarded than as they serve to make Snuff-Boxes. Yet they shew them much more favour than we do our Beans ; for they are devoured by Horses and Hogs.

Gent. These are strange Beans indeed.

Virtuos. Yes Sir, says he, I have had a great desire to see what these Beans were, they talked so much of them, thinking they might be something more than Beans.

Gent. And did he get a sight of them at the last ?

Virtuos. Yes, and discovered, that Three of them grew in Jamaica,. The First is called Coccons, by me *Phaseolus maximus perennis folio decomposito Lobo, maximo contorto*. It is well figured by the Name *Perim Kaku-valli* in the *Hortus Malabricus*, and ill figured in another Place ; and ill described in this Place.

The Second sort of Bean is called the Horse-Eye-Bean, for its resemblance to the Eye of
that

that Beast, by reason of a Hilus almost surrounding it.

The Third kind of Bean, is called the Ash-coloured Nickar, as being very like a Nickar.

The Fourth kind of Bean, is well described and ill figured by Clusius.

But now I come to the Navigation; for *How these several Beans should come to the Scotch Isles and one of them to Ireland, seems very hard to determine. Yet our Author says too; It is easy to conceive.*

Gent. How can that be? *Hard to determine, and easie to be determined too!*

Virtuos. If you'll have patience you'll see it is hard to determine; for they might be toss'd with Storms and driven out of the most Obvious Road; but *it is easie to conceive, that growing in Jamaica in the Woods, they may either fall from the Trees into the Rivers, or be any other way convey'd by them into the Seas. It is likewise very easie to conceive that being got to the Sea, and floating in it, and the Neighbourhood denying them the Liberty of Landing in their own Country, they may take a Resolution of Transplanting themselves into another Country, and meeting with a stop on the main Continent of America, is forced (mark the Grammar, they is forced) through the Gulph of Florida, or Canal of Bahama, going there constantly East and into the North American-Sea. But how they should come the*
rest

rest of their Voyage I cannot tell; (for they could give no Account of themselves. except the Beans being brought North by the Current of the Gulph of Florida, are put in the westerly Winds way, and may be supposed by this means at last to arrive in Scotland; little thinking, that after so long and difficult a Voyage, instead of Propagating their Species, they should be turned into Snuff-Boxes, and no otherwise regarded.

Gent. This it is to come into a strange Country without being able to give an Account of one's self.

Virtuos. Phoo! There was no need of giving an Account of themselves, there was one in England that had given them a Visit in Jamaica that was able to do that sure.

Gent. Yes? Indeed he's a most Accomplished Gentleman.

Virtuos. Gentleman! He's a Doctor of Physick, and und erstands the Structure of a Mans Body so well, that not the least Accident can happen in any Part of it, but he presently gives you the Rationale of it. To confirm what I have said in this Respect. I need alledge no more, than what he has offer'd concerning Suffocation, for when the Point was Debated at Hartford Sizes about Mrs. Stout's being Drown'd; he very Learnedly delivered his Opinion of Drown-
E ing

ing in the following words; and says,
 See Mr. *Water swallowed by the Gullet will not*
 Cooper's *Drown.*
 Tryal.

Gent. And does he prove it too?

Virtuof. Prove it? Therer's no need of proving it, 'tis self-evident; nevertheless, to convince those who do not use to swallow by the Gullet, he adds, *Drunkards who swallow freely a great deal of Liquor, and those who are forced by the Civil-Law to Drink a great quantity of Water have no Suffocation, or Drowning upon them.*

Gent. Truly those are Two Instances sufficient to convince any Reasonable Man, that he may be Drunk, or Drink Water without being Drowned: But what's this Learned Man's Definition of Drowning?

Virtuof. He says, *He takes Drowning in a great measure, to be thus, viz. That tho' it is very likely, when one struggles (he may to save himself from being Choaked) swallow some Quantity of Water, yet that is not the cause of his Death; but that which goes into the Wind-pipe and Lungs.*

Gent. If swallowing Water is not the cause of his Death; how does that which goes into the Wind-pipe cause it, does not the Person swallow that? Or does he swallow it to save himself from being choaked?

Virtuof.

Virtuos. Swallow it to prevent Choaking? By no means; he does not swallow it at all. *It goes into the Wind-pipe*; and tho' Water swallowed will not Choak; yet when it goes into the Lungs it will; which this Learned Physitian thus Demonstrates, *In Prescriptions when People are very weak, or forced to take Medicines, I have observed some Spoonfuls in that Condition (if it went the wrong way) to have Choaked or Suffocated the Person*; whence it appears, that Choaking is not caused by swallowing Water, but by its entrance *the wrong way*. In which Case it may be said *to go into the Lungs*.

Gent. But what's this to the Question first Debated?

Virtuos. Why, The Question being put Whether the Woman was Strangl'd and so Suffocated; or whether she was Drowned? Our Learned Evidence, only offers to shew, That if she was Suffocated or Choaked by Water, it must get into her Lungs. Whereas in those that are Choaked or Strangled, nothing at all gets into them: So that the Sum of our Doctor's Evidence proves, That if she was Strangled or Choaked before she was thrown into the Water, she could not be Choaked again in the Water, except *Water went the wrong way, as in Prescriptions, &c.* And thus much might be sufficient to shew our Doctor's great Skill in the Mechanism

chanism of a Body : One of the main Points necessary in an Accomplish'd Physitian. But as a further Instance of his great Knowledge, I shall add another Passage of his Evindence, which is, *That without force after Death little Water will get into the Stomach, because for that it should swallowing is necessary, which after Death cannot be done.* In which Passage the Phrases not only come very Naturally from the Doctor (as for *that it should, &c.*) but he very Judiciously tells us, that Men cannot swallow after Death, and therefore those who would put Water into a Dead Man must use force to get it in. Which I think, is a demonstration of the Doctor's great Skill in Anatomy.

Gent. Yes indeed, and if all you have said of him be True, he's not only a great Physitian, but a Botanist, and a Naturalist, and every thing. Pray where does he live, and what are his Hours? I have something to communicate to him, which perhaps may be acceptable.

Virtuos. His Hour in an Afternoon is betwixt Six and Seven, any Body will tell you where to find him ; pray if you light of him, give my Service to him.

Gent. I'll certainly do that.

Virtuos. He's a very Modest Civil Gentleman,

tleman ; you must be sure to Compliment him ; and he'll take it very kindly, for the Envious World so seldom does it, he'll be both surpriz'd and mightily pleas'd at it.

Gent. I shall take care to Compliment as well as I can ; and I don't know well how I can fail, for I can think of none of his Performances but I must either hold my Tongue, or Compliment.

Virtuos. I am glad you have so good an Opinion of him.

Gent. Sir, I have no other Opinion of him but what he deserves, and how good it is, I shall leave to his Friends to judge. Sir your Servant.

DIALOGUE II.

Between a

Gentleman

AND A

TRANSACTIONEER.

Gent. **S**IR, I am very glad I have the Happiness to meet with you, so opportunely; I have been just now Talking with a Friend of yours concerning some Passages in the *Philosophical Transactions*: And the great Character he hath given you, and the Learned Passages of your own Writings which he hath Collected together to justify that Character, have made me uneasy, till I had the Happiness, to pay my Humble Respects to you.

Transact. Indeed I am very much obliged both to him and you.

Gent.

Gent. Sir, the chife end of my Vifit now, next to paying my Refpects to you, is to Communicate fome Philofophical Matters, which if you think fit to Publish in your *Philofophical Transactions*, are at your fervice.

Transact. Pray what may they be?

Gent. Sir, at present I fhall only offer you a Definition of a Shell, and a Cruft.

Transact. I defire a fight of it.

Gent. Here it is, Sir.

Transact. A Shell properly is fuch a hard N. 219.
substance as covers an entire Animal, as an Oyster-shell : A Cruft is fuch a hard substance as covers only One particular Joynt of the included Animal. Sir I am your Servant if you light of any thing of this Nature you will oblige me very much in communicating it, and do the World a great deal of fervice.

Gent. I fhall be glad if any thing I can offer may oblige one the World has fuch an Opinion of.

Transact. Truly I am obliged to the World, for their Opinion of me. And if any thing I can do to promote Natural Knowledge may be of Service to them, I fhall not fpare my Labour.

Gent.

Gent. O Sir, you have taken a great deal of Pains already ; for the Compiling so many Philosophical Volumes in *Quarta*, must take up a great deal of Time, nor could they be made so Polite and Correct, without as great Application.

Transact. It is indeed, a Laborious Work; for besides Compiling of so many Volumes; the great Correspondence which I am obliged to keep, is no small trouble.

Gent. It cannot chuse but be troublesome, but your Happy Choices and the Philosophical Returns they make you recompense the Trouble.

Transact. If it were not for that, it would be a mere peice of Slavery ; but as you say, the Discoveries and Improvements which are Communicated by my Correspondents make me value the Trouble much less ; for I think, for Weight, Usefulness, and other Circumstances, the Papers I have Published in the *Transactions* are not inconsiderable.

Gent. Inconsiderable ! You have quite out-done Mr. *Oldenburg*, for the World never thought he Published enough ; but you heap Philosophical Relations together at such a Prodigious Rate, that you Publish *Transactions* as fast again as they desire you. The World is quite over-powered with them.

Transact.

Transact. Why truly I have used my utmost Diligence and Care, that not the least thing in Nature should escape my Notice, And I am infinitely obliged to my Correspondents for their Industry.

Gent. Truly they are to be commended ; But methinks it would be of great use to the World, if the most Considerable Passages in those Papers were Collected together, and Published for the use of the Learned.

Transact. I have done that already ; and if you please I will give you an Account of those which I have a more peculiar Relish for, and value at the highest Rate.

Gent. Sir. it will be a very great Favour, and I shall be very much obliged to you.

Transact. I can never be to seek where to begin then, as long as there is such a Personage as Mr. *f—Pet——r* in the Philosophical World. He's a F. of the R. S. indeed ! I made him so. 'Tis my way of Rewarding my Friends and Benefactors. We now begin to call it *Our Royal-Society (mus Pet. C. 5.)* One would never think it that looks upon him, but he's certainly the Darling of the *Temple-Coffee-House Club*.

Gent. Pray what's that ?

Transact. Oh lay ! Why don't you know ?
F
Where

Where can you have lived? Why you must be an utter Stranger to Philosophy, and all *pretty Things*? never heard of the *Temple Club*? Oh for shame, let's see you there a *Friday Night*. I'm President there, and I'll assure you there are many *odd Things*: And Mr. *Pet——r* is, Gad he's every thing. He's the very *Muffti*, the Oracle of our Club. For my part I never saw any thing like him exactly.

Gent. No, I believe not.

Transact. Oh then I perceive you know Mr. *James ——*

Gent. No indeed, not I.

Transact. No, I wonder at that, you ought to be acquainted with him. I'll be the Instrument of bringing it about. Sir, he and I are all one. You must know we club *No-tions*, laying them up in a kind of *Joynt-Stock*, and have all things in common: Sometimes he draws, and sometimes I, as we have occasion. But he pays in most plenteously. By my good-will I would never be without him. I call him the *Philosophick Sancho*, and he me *Don*. I own I have learnt more of him than ever I did at *Orange*, or any where else.

Gent. *Orange*, Sir?

Transact.

Transact. Yes, I knew 'twas quicker and cheaper than at *Leyden* or *Padua*, so I was Dubb'd Doctor there. *En passant*, whip and away. But for Mr. *Pet*——r he's an Author, and has Treated on the same Topicks that I have. Have you read the *Museum Pettiverianum*, or his Treatises in my *Transactions*.

Gent. No really ; but I observe, all People smile when they mention him, I believe he's mighty Diverting.

Transact. The most of any thing in Nature. But how should a Man of his Parts be otherwise ? Oh the *Specimens of Modern Magnificence and Improvement*, he has given the Learned World (*Transf. N. 236.*) His First Century, consists of several Animals and Plants wholly New. (*Transf. N. 224.* And pray mark how Considerable they are, and how much Mankind are indebted to his Labour and Study. The Animals are *Snails, and Beetles, Caterpillars, Spiders*, and others of the like sort : The Plants *Rushes, Thistles, Mosses*, with abundance more of equal worth. But above all, *Butterflies* are his main Delight. He gives 'em strange Cramp Names, and values himself for being the first Catcher. *Papilos leucomelanos*, says he, is not yet clearly Described by any Author, *Transf. N. 224.* And perhaps had never been Described, wo the day ! had it not been for

this *Author*. He looks as big upon his Botanick Acquisitions. Say he, Be it known that I have this Year (*besides several before*) received near 20 Volumes in Folio filled with fair and perfect Specimens of Trees, (*Mus Pet.*) But he's most lucky in the assigning the Reasons of the Names of his Rarities. He has Shells called BLACK MOORS TEETH, I suppose, says he, from their WHITENESS. (*Trans. N. 224.*) Now we are on this Subject, I ought to acquaint you, he values nothing that has not as many Titles and Names as the King of Persia. He will find in one Author or other 20 Names for the same Thing! And thinks it impossible to Enumerate the many Advantages that will occur from thus synonymizing of Authors (*ib.*) and Elsewhere he speaks very big of the English, that is himself and me, as to their Critical Methods in their Discoveries of Non-descript Species, and their Judicious References to the synonymous Names of various Writers, whereby the terrible Vices of Confusion and Multiplicity have been much Corrected. (*Trans. N. 236.*) There's my Style too exactly: Only a little more clear. He's as successful in his Descriptions as in his Synonymizings. Take an Instance in his Tortoise, says he, 'Tis guarded along the Back with a round Edge. Do you mark? His Head about the bigness of a Horse-Bean; the Orbits of his Eyes very large.

Gent. How? The Head no bigger than a
small

Small Bean, and yet his Eyes very large? Why fure his Eyes are not in his Head.

Transact. Pray let me go on. His Snout like a Parrot's Bill, his upper Jaw including the under : Is not that pretty ? Each Foot has Four sharp Claws like a Mouse.

Gent. Claws like a Mouse ?

Transact. Ay, and his Tail taper and about half an Inch long. Transf. N. 246. Is not this Admirable ! But he's not Inferior as to Physick. He has an Affrican Materia Medica, whose innocent Practice consists of no more Art than Composition. Transf. N. 232. My own Phrase again ! 'tis as much as to say, harmless and helpful. Vid. pag. 12. But hear this Affrican Doctor — He has Aclowa good for Crocoes or Itch. Bumbunny boil'd and drank causeth to Vomit. Affunena boil'd and drank causeth a Stool. Ambe-tuway causeth an Appetite to any Sick Person. Attrumaphoe boiled and drank causeth the great sort of Pox to skin and dry—and is good against the Phrensy. Mening is good for the stoppage of the Head. Apputtasy is good for the Scurvey in the Mouth. Of the two last he and I have taken abundance, but without Effect. Nor is Mr. Pett—r's Physick beyond his Breeding ; really he's a Person of singular Address. It is, says he to me, my great Ambition to approve my self your obliged humble Servant. See my Transf. N. 232.

N. 232. He styles mine *A most Excellent Catalogue of Jamaica Plants*, ib. Nay he says, I have *been pleased to show such an admirable Skill and Talent this Way, as will hardly be match'd either in past, present, or future Ages.* And this I have taken care to Print in my Transactions. N. 236.

Gent. Truly you'r mighty happy in the Applause of a Person of his Judgment. And give ye your due, ye vouch heartily for one another. Shure that's the reason so few others speak well of ye.

Transact. Oh no, 'Tis Envy, meer Envy. The invidious World cannot bear the Lustre we cast. Mr. Pett—r concludes his *Museum*, with a Catalogue of his *Kind Friends*. I'll read them.

Gent. Indeed I'll save you the Labour. Let them stand as they do. No body sure will disturb, or Envy them the Honour of being in that Catalogue. And for Collections of Rarities, they must needs be in mighty Renown and Credit since Mr. Pett—r *has been pleased to shew such an admirable Skill and Talent that way.* But pray Sir proceed in the Account of your Transactions.

Transact. The next thing I take notice of as very Considerable, and of Extraordinary Use to the Curious, is, the great Skill in Botanicks, Observable in my other Correspondents,

respondents, for you must know, my peculiar Genus is most inclin'd to Botanicks.

And First, As for the Virtues of Medi- Skill in
cines, it hath not only been discovered by virtues of
Dr. Mullen that *Irish Mackenboy Root* may Herbs.
be carry'd in the Pocket three days without
purging, but what hath been observed of the
strange Effects of *Papaver Corniculatum* is
very remarkable, for N. 242. we have the
following account. In my Itinerary from
London to Margaret Island. (mark the Ele-
gancy of the Word Itinerary) and thence
most by the Sea-shore to the Lands-End, to
observe what Plants each Part produced. Be-
tween Pentsants and Macketjew, lived one
Charles Worth an Apothecary, who causing The Case
a Pye to be made of the said Poppy ——— and of Charles
eating of the said Poppy Pye, whilst hot, was Worth.
presently taken with such a kind of a *Diliri-
um*, as made him fancy that most that he
saw was Gold, and calling for a Chamber-pot,
being a White Earthen one, after having
purged by stool into it ; he broke it into peices,
and bid the by-standers to save them, for they
were all Gold.

Gent. Methinks your Correspondent is
very Circumstantial in Relating the Circum-
stances and Symptoms of the *Dilirium*.

Transact. O dear Sir! There was an abso-
lute necessity to be exact in Particulars, for
had he only told us, that the Herb Purged
and caused a *Dilirium*, how must we have
known

known that he made use of an Earthen-Chamber-Pot, that he purged into it, and then broke it.

Gent. Truly as you say we should have been altogether at a loss there : And to speak Truth ; the most diverting Circumstances would have been wanting.

Transact. Yes, The Pleasant Circumstances set off the Story, for People purge into Chamber-Pots and are *Dilirious*, that never took *Papaver Corniculatum*.

Gent. But pray, What does this contribute to the Advancement of Natural Knowledge ?

Transact. If it encreases Knowledge, it certainly advances it : And pray, Does not a Man know more that knows the Chamber-Pot was broke, than he that hears of a *Dilirium*, and Purging ? But these were not all the Effects of *Papaver Corniculatum*. For, *The Man and Maid Servants*, having also eat of the same Pye, strip'd themselves quite naked, so danced one against another a long time.

Gent. Truly they had more satisfaction in their *Dilirium*, than the Master could have in breaking a dirty Chamber-Pot, one would think. But did not the Master and the Maid dance one against another ?

Transact.

Transact. If they had, it would have been *Papaver Corniculatum* inddeed, but I cannot tell that ; only *The Mistriss*, who was gone to Market, coming home, and saying how now ? What is here to do ? *The Maid* turned her brich against her, and purging stoutly, said, there *Mistriss*, is Gold for you.

Gent. This *Papaver Corniculatum* is a very strange kind of an Herb.

Transact. There's scarce another in Nature, except *Cynocrambe* that can cause such Symptoms.

Gent. Say you so Sir.

Transact. Yes, For in Numb. 203. *Will.W. Mat-Matthews*, his Wife and Three Children, have ^{thems} his been lately ill, and like to die. The manner ^{Cafe.} of their Sickness was very odd, and therefore I shall give you a particular Account of it.

Gent. Pray do Sir.

Transact. About Three Weeks ago the Woman went into the Feilds to gather some Herbs, and (having first boiled them) fryed them with Bacon for her own and her Families Supper.

Gent. A very fine peice of Cookery indeed, and very requisite the World should
G be

be acquainted with it, especially the Philosophical Part, they are much obliged to your Correspondent.

Transact. If I had not thought it useful to Philosophers, I had not taken notice of it. But pray let me go on with my Story.

Gent. I beg your pardon, for Interrupting you.

Transact. After they had been about Two Hours in Bed, One of the Children fell very sick, and so did the other Two presently after, which obliged the Man and his Wife to rise, and take the Children to the Fire, where they spewed and shit, and within half an Hour fell fast asleep.

Gent. Truly, I think this *Cynocrambe* is as bad as *Papaver Corniculatum*, for those that took that, had some sort of Pleasure in its Operation.

Transact. Indeed, upon second Thoughts, I think 'tis worse, for they took the Children to Bed as they were asleep, and they themselves went to Bed too, and fell faster asleep too than ever they had done before. The Man waked next Morning about Three Hours after his usual time, went to his Labour at Mr. Newports, but he says, He thought his Chin had been all the Day in a Fire ; and was forced to keep his Hat full of Water by him all the Day long,

long, and frequently dipped his Chin in it as he was at Work.

Gent. Pray Sir, Expatiate no more upon this Account, for I think, it no great matter, whether his Hat was full of Water, or not.

Transact. What? Would you have me give an Account of a Philosophical Transaction, and not be exact in Relating Matter of Fact.

Gent. O good Sir, Pardon me, be as Circumstantial as you please. It's a very Philosophical Transaction indeed. A Woman boiled Herbs and Bacon for Supper; the Children Purged; the good Man Slept longer than ordinary; went to Work at Mr. *Newports*; filled his Hat full of Water, and was so discerning as to think his Chin was all the Day in the Fire, tho' he dipped it often in Water. A very Philosophical Relation, I must needs say, and very fine Circumstances to be particular in.

Transact. Truly Sir, we ought to be particular in the Circumstances of Things so Remarkable; for this Herb is *described and figured in several Authors*, and therefore we ought to take Notice of *its Effects*.

Gent. But pray what Inferences, or what Consequential Use do you make of this Observation?

Transact. Why, from the Effects of this Plant, I draw this Inference, That *whether the Quantity or Quality of this Herb were the Cause of its Effects, I know not, but think that every Body will do well to be cautious and wary in the use of it in such Quantities, after such a Warning.* For if the Man and his Wife had Purged as well as the Children, they would have been in a most dreadful nasty pickle.

Gent. Truly the Caution you give, and the Reasons alledged for it are equally weighty. But pray are these all the New Discoveries made by your Correspondents relating to the Virtues of Plants.

Transact. No, Sir. Numb. 231. We are informed, That *a certain Woman eating by mistake some Roots of common Hemlock amongst Parsnips, was immediately seized with Raving and Madness, talked Obscenely, and could not forbear Dancing, on which Exercise she was so intent, that she would have given her Cow for a Bag-pipe.*

One that would have changed a Cow for a Bag-pipe.

Gent. Poor Woman; it's a pity she should have wanted Company; Why did they not give some body a Dose of *Papaver Corniculatum*, to Dance against her.

Transact. I suppose, they were in too much concern to see her so Obscene, and so foolish.

foolishly Merry. But not to insist too long on one Subject, I shall proceed to give you a fuller Account of the Products of my Correspondents, and as soon as I have given you a couple of Instances of the *Ætymology* of Words and their Skill in *Logick*, I shall proceed to their Medicinal and Chirurgical Observations.

Gent. Pray Sir use what Method you please, It's no great matter how they are ranged.

Transact. Then the First thing I shall offer, is, an Account of the *Ætymology* of *Ambergreise Ben's* Name. The whole Story ^{Of *Ambergreise Ben*.} runs thus, Numb. 232. *I shall at the present* let you know the Account I received from *Ambergrieſe Ben*; for so the Man is called from the vast quantity of that Valuable Commodity he found Two Years ago near *Ambergrieſe-Point*. Now who could ever have gueſs'd at the Reason of this Man's Name, had it not been accounted for in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

Gent. Indeed, I believe they would have been at a loss. But pray proceed to the *Logick*.

Transact. Yes, Sir, I was longing to let you hear that, for you must know, Numb. 221. my Correspondent hath been able by close Arguing, to tell that Old *Jenkins* was Older than Old *Parre*. *Gent.*

Gent. Pray how does he prove that ?

Jenkyns
Older than
Parre. *Transact.* Thus, Henry Jenkyns departed this Life, the Eighth Day of December 1670. The Battel of Flowdenfield was Fought upon the Ninth Day of September in the Year of our Lord 1513.

Henry Jenkyns was 12 Years Old when Flowdenfield was Fought, so he lived 169 Years.

Old Parry lived 152 Years, Nine Months. Ergo, Henry Jenkyns out-lived Old Parre by Computation Sixteen Years.

Gent. Hah ! hah ! This out-liviving by Computation ! Admirable indeed ! Well Old *Jenkyns* is certainly proved Older than *Parre*.

Transact. It's undeniable.

Gent. Pray how came your Friend by a particular Account of all the Propositions included in the foregoing Argument.

Transact. Take it in his own Words, When I came first to live at Bolton in Yorkshire, I have forgot my Landlord's Name, but it was told me, That there lived in that Parish a Man near 150 Years Old. That he had Sworn as a Witness in a Cause in York, to 120. Years, which the Judges reproving him for, he said, he was Butler at that time to the Lord Conyers, but truly, it was never
in

in my Thoughts, to enquire of my Lord Darcy, Whether this last Particular was true, or no.

Gent. Truly that was a great Oversight ; it would have given much Satisfaction to the Learned World, had my Lord Darcy confirmed it.

Transact. Indeed, I should have been better satisfied my self, for *I believed little of the Story for a great many Years ; till one Day being in my Sister's Kitchen, Henry Jenkyns came in to beg an Alms ; I had a mind to examine him ; I told him, he was an Old Man.*

Gent. Pray did not he know that before ?

Transact. What then ? He'd be the apter to believe it.

Gent. You say true indeed.

Transact. And therefore, *I desired him to tell me how Old he was ? He paused a little, and said, that to the best of his Remembrance, he was 162 or 3 ; I asked him what Publick Thing he could remember ? He said, Flowdenfield. I asked whether the King was there ? He said, No. I asked him, how Old he might be then ? He said, I believe, I might be between Ten and Twelve ; for said he, I was sent to Northallerton with a Horse-Load*

Load of Arrows, but they sent a bigger Boy from thence to the Army.

Gent. You are very Circumstantial indeed in your Relations; but pray of what use are they to the Advancement of Knowledge.

Transact. Advantage? Any thing about Old *Jenkyns*, or Old *Parre* is very acceptable to me; and that's enough to make it appear under the General Title of *Philosophical Transactions* for the Advancement of Natural Knowledge. But thus much being said of Old *Jenkyns*, I shall proceed to Relate promiscuously what hath been of late Discovered relating to Medicine and Chyrurgery,

Gent. Certainly those must be of great Use.

Transact. I suppose you have heard of what happened to Dr. L———tèr.

Gent. What pray?

Transact. Sir, He had the Misfortune to be Scratched by the Tooth of a *Porpos*, sometime after the death of it, so that *tandem tertius digitus male se habuit*, i. e. at last his Third Finger was sick, Numb. 233.

Gent.

Gent. Truly I think the Doctor had been happy had he never been sick any where else but in his Fingure ; but since he commenced Author, I fear a Metastasis of the Morbifick Matter into the Seat of his Understanding.

Transact. I should be concerned for him should it be so. But I shall proceed to Relate, what I just now promised you, *viz.* Some of the most Remarkable Observations in Physick and Chirurgery, And first, I shall give you an account of two Medicated Springs, the one Com-A Medici-
municated to me by a *Welch* Philosopher,nal Spring. and the other by a *French Man* ; The Description of the first is as follows. *There is a Rill about an Ell broad between two Collines, covered with Wood, about twelve yards from this Spring ; The Rill, which falls from a Rock eight or nine foot high, which makes a very grateful Noise.* Numb. 233.

Gent. A very fine Description of a *Medicated Spring* ; surely that *grateful Noise* will invite several Curious Persons to take a view of it : But is that the only Medicinal Quality ?

Transf. All that our Philosopher take Notice of. But he tells us farther, *The Spring comes out of a pure white Marle ; I thought there had been no white Marle in Wales, for the Earth is red.*

H

Gent.

Gent. An Admirable Thought indeed !
And it's a Wonder there is any Chalk in
England, for the Soil is not of that Colour;
this Ingenious Conclusion puts me in mind
of those Verses in *Virgil*,

*Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibæe, putavi
Stultus ego huic Nostræ similem——
Sic Canibus catulos similes, sic Matribus hædos
Noram; sic Parvis componere magna
solebam.*

And he must needs be a Man of Wonderful Sagacity in my Opinion, to conclude all things he knew not, were like those he had before his Eyes.

Transact. But that's not all that may be said, for our Philosopher, for he hath further adorned his Account of this Spring with a Description of a Tree that grows over it, for says he, *About the Spring spreads an Old Oak with Hoary Moss on the boughs whereof two Crutches.*

Gont. A great Ornament indeed ! And That grateful Noise, the Hoary Moss and the two Crutches in the Oak must needs contribute much to the Advancement of Natural Knowledge, and to the understanding the Nature of this Medicated Spring.

Transact. Truly I must needs own, the
French

French Philosopher hath quite outdone him in that Point, for in his Account of the Mineral Waters at *St. Amands*, he tells us not what Trees grow about it ; But that *most Sick People* are willing to drink some, thinking to swallow in great Glasses, their Health along with that Water. And likewise, That *Acid Spirits* have not fermented at the first with that Water, but afterwards it hath made some little Bubbles, which remained to the sides of the Glasses, wherein were contained the *Liquors*. Now this Story I admire mightily, especially for the Elegancy of the Style.

Gent. Yes, It is Extraordinary, it is almost as fine as your own: *Remained to the sides of the Glass*, is admirably expressed and much better than *stuck to them*, Besides he hath said something of the Nature of the Waters.

Transact. And he farther tells us; *One may also wash in the Mud of that Fountain*, as Hogs do in our Country. But to proceed to Chirurgical Observations. *Numb. 233.* *Many in the High-lands*, who pretend not to any Skill in Surgery ; do venture to cut the *Uvula* off when they are troubled with it ; and prescribe for a Remedy thereafter, a peice of Bread and Cheese.

Medicinal
Qualities
of Bread
& Cheese.

Gent. That's very remarkable indeed, for
H 2 very

very few English People are able to eat Bread and Cheese when their Throats are cut.

Transact. No matter for that! If the thing be true, that's sufficient satisfaction. But pray now we are talking of the Uvula. Give me your Opinion of the Reason of a Cough.

Gent. You are a Phyfitian, and methinks it would be more proper for me to ask you that Question.

Transact. I think indeed I may as well tell you, for you may guess a thousand times before you hit on the right Cause.

Gent. Pray what may it be?

Transact. In short, A Cough proceeds from the *Chamberlins Landing*.

Gent. How can that be?

Transact. That's a hard Question to Answer. But I am sure it is True. For I received an Account of it from one of my Correspondents.

Gent. And how does he make it out.

Transact. Why, Num. 233. He tells us, That *the Inhabitants of St. Kilda are every*
Sum-

Summer infected with a Cough upon the Chamberlins Landing.

Gent. That's odd indeed; But how do they Cure it?

Transact. The usual remedy is Giben drank upon Brochan.

Gent. So that the Qualities of the Remedies are as occult as the Cause of the Cough.

Transact. No, no, The Cause of the Cough is evidently the Chamberlins Landing. Thus much being said relating to Physick, I should immediately proceed to tell you the Symptoms of Two Brass Farthings, But I think it more Instructive to communicate to you some Cautions about Marrying too soon, and some things relating to Midwifry. And First it hath been observed, Numb. 233. That Anna George, Arguments against Marrying soon. who continued in the State of Virginity till the One and fiftieth Year of her Age, Married and brought forth a Boy in the Two and fiftieth Year of her Age. But Numb. 229. A Negro, in Nevis who Married before she was in the One and fiftieth year of her Virginity, had this misfortune. Her Navel did begin to swell and Impostumate, so that most People did believe she would die. And after one Year and half being with Child, was at the last delivered by the Navel, for after voiding of a great deal

deal of Ichor and Matter, there did appear some Bones, which did prove to be a Child. (not the Bones of a Child, but the Bones were a Child) After the Extraction of the Bones the Woman was easy, and the Woman did Recover.

Gent. Very Strange indeed !

Transact. Numb. 233. *Another Woman who was likewise married before the One and fiftieth year of her Virginity, was seven years bringing forth a Child Bone by Bone, and all by the Fundament.*

Gent. A long Birth truly ! And very strange !

Transact. But Sir, I have another Story as strange as that, For *Margaret Parry* lying in with the last of her three Children, some Bones of a *Fœtus* came from her, after this several other Bones came away, and divers worked their way by degrees through the flesh above the Os Pubis. Numb. 243.

Gent. Very strange too ! But I am afraid you are imposed upon by your Correspondents ; for I am apt to believe Wounds of the Matrix are not so flight as to lye open so long as these Stories require, without being Mortal.

Transact. I rely so much upon the sincerity

rity of my Correspondents that I cannot tell how to disbelieve it.

Gent. But do you believe *all the Children were born perfect*, notwithstanding *Bones came away at several times*. Truly I think it impossible: And I wonder how you should be so apt to believe them.

Transact. I beg your Pardon, If I tell you it's no wonder, for I am not inclined to distrust Mankind.

Gent. To speak the Truth, indeed you have a peculiar faculty of believing almost any thing: But pray what Reasons can be given to justify the sincerity of your Correspondents?

Transact. Reason! Psha! I don't trouble my self to enquire after the Reason of every thing that's told me; if I should, I should have Work enough to find Reasons for every thing that's Communicated in the Transactions.

Gent. Nay, I confess, that would be too hard a Task. But I am afraid I have interrupted you to long.

Transact. Not at all Sir, The next thing I shall give you an account of is, of a Monstruous Birth: for Numb. 233. another Gentlewoman who lost her Virginity before

A Child's Head like the Hood of a Monk. fore the 51 Year of her Age bore an Infant who had Two Heads; one Head was a Bag resembling the Hood of a Benedictine Monk.

But how far he was concerned in the getting of it, no Body knows but the Parties concerned in *Ipso Facto*. It was observable, this Child did not come out Bone by Bone, nor through the Navel, or the Fundament, but the other way.

Numb. 226. gives an Account of a Child born without a Brain, which had it lived long enough would have made an Excellent Publisher of Philosophical Transactions.

Numb. 228. gives an Account of another, that had his Brains in the Nape of his Neck.

But the most Remarkable Passage which I would have you take notice of is that
The use of Numb. 233. *Mr. Barrier, found in a Girl about 11 or 12 Years Old instead of a Matrix, a very thin Membrane placed where the Matrix is. The outward Orifice was Hermetically sealed up.* And if the Chymists in England would take the same method with some of our Females, they probably might be
Hermes Seal.

News from Tunquin. used at Tunquin, it could not be much amiss; for Numb. 243. we are told, That at Tunquin, there are Women common to any that will hire them, at 8 or 9 Years of Age. But in England, they are not Women so soon, tho' they hire themselves sometimes too,

Gent. These are most Admirable Stories indeed, to be Published in the *Philosophical Transactions*. Pray Sir, how do you come by them?

Transact. Come by them? I am obliged to my Correspondents.

Gent. Indeed your Correspondents are as Judicious, in making Observations, as you are in Publishing them.

Transact. Pray Sir, don't Compliment me; what I do is for the good of Mankind, and for the Advancement of Natural Knowledge, and not to gain Applause.

Gent. Truly Sir, you are very Modest, and therefore, I shall decline giving you what I otherwise by all means think your due.

Transact. Ay! Pray forbear any thing of that Nature; It's better to pass our time away in Inquiries after Knowledge, than Compliments. And therefore I shall proceed to acquaint you with several promiscuous Observations in Natural History, which I am infinitely obliged to my Correspondents for, and which you will say the World will be obliged to me for putting them in the *Philosophical Transactions*. And First, I shall let you know, That of late the poor People have set their Wits, as if it were on the Tenter-hooks, to make Turnep-Bread in Essex.

Gent. By all means, the World will be very much obliged to you; for Teaching them to make Turnep-Bread; but I admire the Language of your Correspondent so much, that I profess, I am the less desirous to hear any thing more of your Bread,

Transact. I thought the Novelty of the Style would surprize you.

Gent. Surprize me! I am amazed at it. *Set their Wits, as if it were on the Tenter-Hooks!* The Simile is very close and noble; But pray proceed to your Philosophical Entertainment.

Transact. I was about to acquaint you in the next place, with an Account of the Gyants Cause-way in Ireland, which I *was* very exact in getting from a person who was *rei Compos, and perhaps peritus*. But the *Prolixity* of a Philosophical Description, will be too tedious at this time. See Numb. 205. I thought likewise to have told you something of *an Arch in Two Stone Chimneys in Northamptonshire*, Numb. 166. As also of a *Fetus 16 Years in Utero*, Numb. 139. *A Monstrous Child in Jutland*, *Skulls of Fowls described*, and of a *Prodigiously large Feather of the Bird Cunter*. But passing by these; I shall proceed to tell you, That of late, *Dr. Ballfour* found several Eggs in the *Cauda* of a *Barnacle*. Numb. 222.

Gent.

Gent. Indeed, if you were not in haste, these things would be very entertaining.

Transact. They art great Curiosities; and since you like them so well, I care not much if I give you a particular Account of them.

Gent. Nay, Sir, you are in haste; Pray proceed to the next.

Transact. Then rhe next thing I shall entertain you with, is, an Account of some Observations made in the *East-Indies*; almost as Remarkable, as the Contents of the *China Cabinet*; for Numb. 243. we are told, That *there hath been seen an Oyster-shell in Bantam, that hath been about Eighteen Inches Diameter, and several in Moccao, that hath been 18 Inches long.* Oyster-Shells in Bantam.

Gent. Those are Rarities indeed! *Several hath been 18 Inches long.* The Elegancy of the Style is very singular too.

Transact. This Sir, is true Modern Language, most of my Correspondents endeavour to imitate me.

Gent. They may imitate, but they'll come far short of their Mark; your Style is too intricate for them. But pray, as to the matter of Fact; You say, *there hath been*
I a
seen

seen a Shell, which hath been so big. Was it not so big when it was seen, if not, as your Story intimates, how could they tell several hath been so big?

Transact. I see you make your Remarks upon every thing I offer almost; And therefore I must beg your Pardon, if I pretend not to solve Philosophical Difficulties. But to proceed, I shall give you an Account of stranger things than these? for Numb. 243. *I am informed by the Person that did see it, That at Batavia, a whole Duck was taken out of the Belly of a Snake: And that in Achin they did kill a Snake. that had a whole Deer in it's Belly.*

A Duck in
the Belly
of a Snake.

Gent. Prodigious! And almost Incredible.

Transact. These are not half the Strange Stories, delivered in the *Philosophical Transactions*, Numb. 225. From Fort St. George, I have the following Account, *In a few Days after my Arrival, the fruits of my Gomroon Journey shewed themselves. For a little below the Instep of my Left Foot a Worm put out it's Head, which cost me much trouble. But I am told, some People breed Magots in their Heads without much trouble.*

Gent. Yes, Sir, they are Natural to some People.

Transact.

Transact. God send they breed not in the Heads of any of my Correspondents; for it will be a great disadvantage to the Publick.

Gent. It was very well wished; and I wish they are not got into them already.

Transact. Well, let us hope the best, and proceed to our Philosophical Entertainment, Numb. 229. we are told, That in *Hartfordshire*, a Storm of Hail broke vast numbers of Pidgeons Wings, and fell foul upon the Crows and Rooks; and broke as many Glass-Windows as cost 4 l. repairing. Glass-wind-
dowsbroke
by Hail.

Gent. That was an unfortunate Shower indeed to the Master of the House.

Transact. Truly it would vex a Man.

Gent. And mightily entertain a Transactioneer.

Transact. O dear, mighty Diverting. But pray have you heard of such a Bird as the *Scart*?

Gent. Why Sir?

Transact. Because I am going to tell you something of it, which is Remarkable.

Gent.

Gent. Pray what's that?

Transact. Why, Numb. 133. we are told,
 A Scart
 that stood
 Sentinel,
 surpriz'd. That *all Tribes of Birds are observed to have their Sentinels. The watchfulness of the Scart is true to a Proverb. I know one who by surprizing the Sentinel, caught 300 in a Night.*

Gent. That's Remarkable indeed: So that if a *Virtuoso* hath a mind to catch Scarts, he must endeavour to surprize the Sentinel. Is not that the Philosophical use you make of this Story?

Transact. Yes Sir, That's the way to catch Scarts.

Gent. That's sure of mighty use in Natural Philosophy: To know how to catch Scarts, makes a Man much wiser.

Transact. Certainly, it's something, to know how to surprize them. But to proceed, Numb. 225. we are informed, That
 Fish differ-
 rent from
 one ano-
 ther. *Fish are not only different from other Animals; but likewise differ very much from one another, there being scarce a Species of them, that hath not remarkable differences.*

Gent. That's really very true, for the Herring is much different from the Lobster, and the Lobster differs much from the Whiting, and
 the

the Whiting from the Cockle.

Transact. But besides this more obvious Observation it's worth Remarking. That *Fish have their Blood Naturally less hot than ours. So that the Natural Heat of Ours would be a Fever in them and Mortal:* For which Reason they Drink no strong Liquors, such as Ale, Beer or Wine; but live continually in the Water, and drink nothing else. But whether they do this by Instinct, or Tradition I am not yet informed; but this I can say. I never heard, that so much as one ever dyed of a Fever.

No Fish
dye of a
Fever,

Gent. That's very Remarkable indeed.

Transact. But they dye of other Distempers; for *Fish are found to dye in Water frozen over.* Occasion'd by the freezing of the Water. *Their Fins and Tail assist them in their Passage through the Water, whether they will; but the dilation of the Air in the Bladder makes them capable of Swimming, after the same manner as the dilating of the Lungs, and Thorax bear him up in Water.*

Gent. Very well observed indeed.

Transact. Flat Fish have none of this Bladder, for they are able by reason of their Breadth to keep themselves upon the Water.

Gent. But I think a broad Stone is as apt
to

to sink as a narrow one ; as a Mill-stone will sink as another Stone that is not quite so broad.

A Shower
of Whi-
tings.

Transact. I shall not Dispute that. But in the next place proceed to give you an Account of a Shower of Fish, Numb. 243. we have the following Words, *Since my last to you, I have received an Account of the Prodigious Rain you long ago desired of me, and this Opportunity offering of conveyeing it safely to you, I would no longer delay it, and had I received the Account as you promised me of the Herrings, I might possibly have said something more, but I shall now leave that to you.*

Gent. The great Concern You and your Correspondent seem to have been in ; make me long for the Story of the Fishes.

Transact. I shall come to that presently. *The Account I had from a worthy Gentleman of this Country, who had a Box full of these Fishes, which he preserved ; but that being mislaid, he could not perform his promise of giving some of them, tho' he says, he will certainly do it when he finds it.*

Gent. And pray Sir, cannot you give an Account of the Fishes till then ?

Transact. Yes, yes, I told you I should come to it presently. *On Wednesday before Easter,*

Easter, a Pasture-Field at Branstead near Wrotham in Kent about Two Acres, which is far from the Sea, or any Branch of it, and a Place where there are no Fish-Ponds, but a scarcity of Water, was all overspread with little Fishes, conceived to be Rained down, there having been at that time a great Tempest of Thunder and Rain: The Fishes were about the length of a Man's little Finger, and judged by all that saw them to be young Whittings. The Field belonged to one Hare a Yeoman. But why they should fall into this Yeoman's Ground only no body knows.

Gent. But pray how came they to be Rained?

Transact. That's unknown too, only it may probably be guess'd, that the Bird Cunter having robbed a Fish-Market, could carry the Prey no further: But however it was. I think this Yeoman would do well to make a Fish-Pond against the next Shower.

Gent. Truly this Story of the Fish is a very Strange one: It's almost Incredible.

Transact. If you think this strange, what A Shower will you think of a Shower of Butter for the ^{of Butter.} Fish?

Gent. It's impossible! Is it not?

Transact. As impossible as you may think
K it,

it, you'll find it Recorded as a Truth, Numb. 220. in the following Words, *We have had of late in the County of Limerick—Showers of a sort of matter like Butter or Grease—Lay it by the Fire, and it grows hard.*

Gent. How then can it be said to be like Butter ?

Transact. Because my Correspondent positively says, it was a Shower of Butter.

Gent. That's a good Reason indeed.

Transact. No Stranger than True : But if you will not believe this, how will you believe there is a *Tree bearing Tallow*? N. 229. p. 587.

A Tree
bearing
Tallow.

Gent. I confess, were it not in the *Transactions* one would not be apt to believe it.

Transact. It's strange enough. But pray, Did you ever hear of the Hogs that shit Soap, and the Cow that shit Fire?

Gent. No truly.

Transact. Why, Numb. 263. we are inform'd, That in *Lincolnshire*, they gather up *Hogs Dung* and steep it in *Water*, and having well stirred it, strain it, and so use it to wash *Cloaths*. Hence the Proverb, In
Lin-

Hogs that
shit Soap,
&c.

Lincolnshire, *where the Hogs sh— Soap,*
and the Cows sh— Fire.

Gent. Truly we are much obliged to you and your Correspondent for this Proverb, and its Explication.

Transact. I must needs say, a great many Philosophers would never have heard of this Proverb, had it not been Published in my *Transactions*.

Gent. But if they be ignorant now, its none of your fault.

Transact. No, truly, I would not be guilty of letting so Useful a Proverb be lost for want of taking notice of it. But did you hear the Copy of Verses upon an Eel?

Gent. Not that I remember.

Transact. Numb. 223. we have the following,

An Ankham Eel, and a Witham Pike,
All England cannot shew the like

Gent. Then you keep Correspondence with Poets.

Transact. Any Body that can furnish me with Philosophical Matters.

Gent. Pray how were these Verses occasion'd?

Transact. Because that River is Remarkable for good Eels.

Gent. A weighty Reason indeed. But are these all the most Considerable Passages in the *Transactions*?

A Wound
by the
strength
of Imagi-
nation.

Transact. No, Sir, Numb. 221. Doctor *Cyprianus*, gives us an Account of a Lady that was Delivered of a Child, *with a Wound in her Breast above Four Fingers long*——occasioned by the strength of Imagination.

Gent. That indeed, is very strange.

Transact. It is so; and in my Opinion, it is strange, That a Lamb should be suckled by a Weather: And yet Numb. 214. we are told, That Sir William Lowther *had a Ewe that had Two Lambs, and she dying left them Young to shift for themselves*, One of them was entertained by a Weather Sheep—*The Lamb sucked the Weather, and brought him to Milk, and was maintained by him all this Summer.*

Gent. This is a very Philosophical Story indeed; this will imploy the Wits to account for it.

Transact. Ay, Sir. But these are not all the Remarkable Passages taken Notice of, in these Philosophical News Papers; for
Numb.

Numb. 240. we have an Account of *Glow-Worms Volant*, and *Butterflies Eggs* that were *testaceous*, and near as big as *Wren's*, most gloriously bestudded with *Gold and Silver*, and they Hatch in the *Windows*, and are a sport for *Children*.

Gent. Pray how came your Correspondent to take notice of Things only fit for Children; What? did he think your Genius lay the same way as Childrens do?

Transact. I know no Reason why *innocent Diversion* should not be encouraged amongst me and my Correspondents, as well as amongst Children.

Gent. Indeed, I must confess, if it be agreeable, I have nothing to say against it, but shall rather admire the Noble Genius of of your own happy Self, and of your Correspondents.

Transact. O good Sir, forbear, pray don't Compliment me. But to proceed, N. 240. there are likewise, *Tortoises Eggs* by *Ponds sides* in great quantities——Our Dames scruple not to use them as *Hens Eggs* in *Pud dings*. N. 240. *Grashoppers* in July become *Volant*, and have a kind of *Regimental-Discipline*, and as it were, some *Commanders*, of such *Valour*, that they are always ready to fly away, and rise first when they are pursued by the *Fowles*. which I have often seriously remarked, and won-

The Marti-
al-Disci-
pline of
Grashop-
pers.

wondred at the simplicity of our Commanders, who instead of Running away, are so fool hardy as to stand to Fight, regardless of their Lives, not minding the Example of these Creatures, who take more care of their own Safety.

Gent. Very Philosophical indeed !

Transact. Philosophical ! O dear Sir, these Things are nothing to what I shall relate to you, I shall in the next place, give you an Account of one of the most Unmannerly Dogs that ever you heard of.

Gent. What's that pray ?

The Effects
of the
Peace upon
a Mastiff-
Dog.

Transact. Why, Numb. 235. upon the Proclaiming of the Peace, about a Week ago, Two Troops of Horse Dis-mounted, were drawn in a Line in order to fire their Volleys, the Center of their Line was against the Butcher's Door.

Gent. But when will you let me hear the Story of the Dog ?

Transact. Alas ! Sir, you have not patience ; this is part of the Story. This Butcher kept a very large Mastiff Dog, the biggest in our Town ; A Dog of great courage for Fighting. This Dog was laid by the Fire-side asleep, but upon the first Volley the Soldiers made, he immediately started up.

Gent.

Gent. A very stout Dog, I must confess, was this Dog the biggest in your Town?

Transact. Yes, Sir, he was the biggest; but alas! You are quite mistaken, it was not his Courage that made him *start up*, he *ran into a Chamber and hid himself under a Bed.*

Gent. And was this your stout Dog?

Transact. Yes, Sir, he might be a stout Dog, and yet be frightened at such a surprizing Noise, and I believe, had you or I been asleep, we should have been surprized too :

Gent. Nay, I have nothing to Answer to that. But pray go on with your Story.

Transact. *The Maid Servant going to beat him down (he never using to go up Stairs) as she was so doing, a second Volley came, which made the Dog rise and run several times about the Chamber with Violent Tremblings.*

Gent. And is that all you have to say of this Dog?

Transact. Yes, Sir, and enough too.

Gent. Nay, enough of all Conscience ;
I

I find no fault with that ; but I find no Philosophy in it.

Transact. No Philosophy ; Do you know what Philosophy is Pray ?

Gent. What do you say it is ?

Transact. I don't trouble my Head about such things ; 'tis enough for me to tell you that it is Philosophy.

Gent. Very strange Philosophy.

Transact. Strange. It's the only Philosophy that I and my Correspondents take delight in. But if our Philosophy does not please you, I shall urge it no farther.

Gent. Yes, yes, Sir it pleases me much ; but the Novelty of the thing makes me ask so many Questions. Pray favour me with a further Account of your Discoveries.

Transact. I proceed, and shall next entertain you with what has been very Ravishing unto me, and the more because it relates to my own Country. *In the County of Limerick in Ireland, on the 7th Day of June, a great Rumbling, or faint Noise was heard in the Earth, N.233.*

An Account of
Travelling
a Bog.

Gent. Pray how could that be ? How could a great Rumbling, be a faint Noise ?

Transact.

Transact. Alas! What a Question you ask! Soon after, to the great Terror and Astonishment of a great number of Spectators, a more wonderful Thing happened: For in a Bog stretching North and South, the Earth began to move, viz. *Medow and Pasture-Land that lay on the side of the Bog; and separated by a large Ditch.*

Gent. Sir, the Language you express this Story in, is too high for me, it is unintelligible, I cannot understand how *the Medow and Pasture-Land that lay on the side of the Bog,* could be *in a Bog.*

Transact. If you cannot understand Philosophical Language, I cannot help that; but must give you the remaining part of the Story in the Words of the Author; for I have none else but Philosophical Words to express my self in. His words are these, *The Pasture-Land rising very high—— over-ran the Ground beneath it, and moved upon its surface, rouling on with great pushing violence, till it had covered the Medow; and is held to remain on it 16 Foot deep.*

Gent. *Held to remain.* That's Remarkable truly.

Transact. In the Motion of this Earth, it drew after it the Body of the Bog, part of it lying on the place, where the Pasture-Land, that moved out of the Place it had before
L
stood,

stood—— And so it continues at the present, to the great wonderment of those that pass by.

Gent. Truly, Sir, you have told me a Story now, that is a great *Wonderment*, not only because the *Meadow* was held to remain upon the *Pasture-Land*; but that which is the greatest *Wonderment* to me, is, that the *Meadow* should be able to move forward of itself, and draw the *Body of the Bog* after it, according to your *New Philosophy*, whereas, according to *Boyle*, or *Cartesius*, I should have thought, that both the *Bog* and the *Land* had been protruded by some *Internal Cause*.

Transact. Strange! How readily you have learn'd to speak in the Language of the *Moderns*, methinks you spake it as *Naturally* as my *Correspondents*.

Gent. Sir, I always strive to Imitate those I admire: But pray, let me not divert your farther Account of the late *Transactions*.

The effects of Greatrix's his stroaking. *Transact.* The next Story I shall relate, is this, Numb. 256. *Mr. Greatrix coming to our House, and bearing of my Brother's Illness, desired to see him, he ordered the Boy to strip himself to his Shirt, which he did, and having given present ease to his Head by only stroaking him with his Hands, he fell to rub*

rub his Back, which he most complained of. But the Pain being frightened, presently fled from his Head to his Right Thigh; he followed it there, it fell to his Knee, from thence to his Leg, but he still pursued it to his Ankle, thence to his Foot, and at the last to his great Toe. As it fell lower, it grew more violent, especially when in his great Toe, it made him roar out; but upon rubbing it there, it stole out at his Toe-end; and the Boy cryed out, it's quite gone.

Gent. I confess, this Story is very Philosophical, Medicinal, and Circumstantial. And first, for the Circumstances, That *Greatrix* had a desire to see the Boy; That he desired the Boy to strip; seem very requisite Preparatives for the Cure, which to me is not a little surprizing; for how this Humour should be so frightened, and have such an Antipathy to *Greatrix's* Hand as to run away from it, and that too where there was no Passage or Vessels for it to pass through, I cannot comprehend.

Transact. It is indeed very strange. But this *Greatrix* hath done more than that; for a Smith whose Name was *Peirson*, near us, had Two Daughters, extremely troubled with the Evil; the one in her Thigh, the other in her Arm: He Cured them both at my Father's, one of them lives still in the Town, I was with her Yesterday, she is a healthy Woman, the Mother of several Children, she

L 2

shewed

shewed me her Arm. But whether the other shewed her Thigh, or not, I think not at all material to relate. But this *Greatrix* had another very excellent Quality, *for he would presently take off Fits of the Mother, by laying his Glove on their Heads.*

Gent. Pray Sir, was your Correspondent *Compos Mentis*, when he sent you that Relation, or was he in a Fright?

Transact. Why do you ask such Questions?

Gent. Because he seems to be out of Breath, or to Breath short in his Account of the Smith's Daughters; one would think, his inconnexion an effect either of some disaffection of his Intellectuals, or that he was mightily surpriz'd at something.

Transact. Truly, I cannot tell that; perhaps he might be in some little Consternation at the strange Effects of *Greatrix's* stroaking.

Transact. Indeed, they are so strange, that I have not Faith enough to believe them.

Transact. If you have not Faith enough to believe what my Correspondents Discover and Relate? perhaps it may be because you have not Application enough to search into the Causes of Things. Pray what think you
of

of the Operation of a Blister, when it Cures a Fever.

Gent. That it hath a very good Effect.

Transact. Any Body would conclude that; but a mighty *Scot's Virtuoso*, and one of my particular Acquaintance hath made a long Discourse upon this Subject; and indeed, he's so sensible of the Length of it himself, that like an Orator, with unparallel'd Eloquence, after a long Proæmium, he thus speaks to his Auditors, Numb. 252. *Do but think then, had I insisted on Vescication in general; what had I done for Time and Patience, to you O my Hearers, in a Discourse about a Blister. Any one but your selves, should be ready to believe, that there can be nothing of that Consequence in the thing.*

Gent. That's a great Compliment upon the Auditors; but methinks he chiefly designed it home upon you, because your Industry extends it self so far as to take notice of things, in which *others see nothing of that Consequence.*

Transact. Truly I cannot tell whether he had a particular design to Compliment me, but thus he proceeds, *and that they would rather throw away Medicine altogether, at least Blisters out of Physick; than to be troubled with a Discourse so long, that is more painful than a Blister it self.*

A long
discourse
more pain-
ful than a
Blister.

Gent.

Gent. This is most sharp Wit ; but pray, good Sir, if this Discourse be so very painful, I had rather you'd pass it by.

Cantharides
arm'd with
Swords
and Dag-
gers.

Transact. No, no, be not afraid of it ; I'll take care it shall not be so painful to you, I shall only take notice of a few of the wittiest Sentences, and the most valuable Passages. *I must beg leave to tell you, says he, that I have employed Microscopes to look upon this Fly, and its Powder, to see if I could discover any sharp Instruments, Swords, Daggers, or the like sort of Armiture, in these Warlike and Wounding Creatures.*

Gent. That's an Admirable Passage. *Dead Flies, Warlike and Wounding Creatures !* Your Correspondent truly, was in the right to disarm such sort of Creatures ; for if they are able to make use of *Swords and Daggers* after they are dead, there's no safety amongst them. But what Arms were discovered by your Correspondent.

Transact. None at all ; For, says he, *whatsoever else I found, I could meet with no Arms at all, which makes me think, that if they have any, as needs they must, they are concealed, and are to be discovered in another way.*

Gent Nay, if they conceal their Weapons, no Body knows how to deal with them.

them. I wonder how your Hero durst venture to stay so long in their Company.

Transact. It is dangerous indeed, *Creatures that have set all the Physick in this Town in a Combustion, or Ferment.* And truly since a great Man complained of *Experientia* being a fallax, I think he did very impudently to meddle with them.

Gent. And are these all the Remarkable Passages in his painful Discourse?

Transact. No, Sir, he tells us, *Since* ^{Hanging} *Death, or no Circulation of the Blood, is the* ^{Mortal.} *Consequence of Poyson, we must find as many Kinds of Poyson, as there are ways of stopping the Bloods Motion.*

Gent. Then Hanging is Poyson, for that's one way of *Death, or no Circulation of the Blood.*

Transact. Truly, my Correspondent never ~~considered~~ that Consequence: Hold! Now you talk of Hanging; One of my Correspondents is of Opinion, That Hanging is not Poyson; for Numb. 240. says he, ^{Hanging} speaking of *Men that are hanged.* ^{Appoplex-} *The Remarkable lividness of their Faces, with the* ^{tical.} *extraordinary distortion of the Jugulars, in the several Branches above the Ligature, argue, they dye in a great measure Apoplectick.*

Gent.

Gent. Very Learnedly concluded. Then I suppose hanging hereafter will not be accounted an Ignominious Death; for 'tis no disgrace to die of an Appoplexy. But pray proceed to the rest of your Philosophical Relations.

Transact. Numb. 251. we have the following Account of a Child's Head. *I did take off the three upper Vertebre of the Neck before I could find the Medulla Spinalis——The Tongue was fresh, and doubtless had performed the Deglutition to make the Child swallow the Colliquamentum. The Larynx and all the Parts of the Throat, were as the rest of the Body were, in a good and natural condition as can be. I leave others to explain how this Child could live without Brains.*

Gent. Oh, dear Sir, that should never have been omitted, 'twas the main thing in the Relation. Besides, The *Explaining* that would have solv'd a Problem at present much Debated in the World, which is, How most of your Correspondents *can live* under the very same Circumstances with that Child. But pray what use did he make of the Bones?

Transact. That, Sir, he tells you very expressly. Says he, *I keep the Bones of that Skull in my House, to convince any Body, that they are Bones, if they should Question it.*

Gent.

Gent. Truly, I cannot Imagine for what other uses you should keep them. But pray, if the Child wanted Brains, I understand not how the Larynx and all the Parts of the Body, could be in a good and natural Condition.

Transact. That is only as I told you before, our way of expressing our selves, for as [amongst the *Beauxs* a careless Dress is the most admired, so we Philosophers signalize our selves, by a careless use of Language. But to proceed. I shall give you a short Account of what happened lately in *Lapland*, Numb. 251. we have the following Account of a small sort of Creature, called *Sable-Mice*, *they are so fierce and angry that if a stick be held out at them, they will bite it.*

Gent. That's very daring indeed!

Transact. In their March they keep a direct Line, and are innumerable Thousands in each Troop ——— They March by Night, and in the Twilight, and sleep by Day: As the Mouse in the Fable used to do.

If they meet any thing in their way that might stop them, they avoid it not, tho' it were Fire, a deep Well, a Torrent, or a Lake; and by that means Thousands of them are destroyed.

Gent. Mighty Resolute truly !

The Language of
a Sable
Moufe.

Transact. When they are met in Woods or Fields and stopped, they set themselves upon their hinder Legs like a Dog, and make a kind of barking, or squeaking noise — defending their Line as long as they can, and if at the last they are forced out of it, they creep into holes, and set up a cry sounding like biabb, biabb. Quarter! Quarter! Is not the Language of these Mice very Remarkable ?

Gent. Very Remarkable and entertaining for a Philosopher: It enriches a Man's Understanding much, to know the Fury and Conduct of a Moufe, and what Noise it makes when it is frightened. But pray Sir, let me beg the Favour of an Account of the Moors of *West-Barbary*, and their Customs?

Transact. Ay, with all my heart Sir, Numb. 254. p. 248. we are told, That the Barbary Moor, when he rises in the Morning washes himself all over, and dresses, then goes to their Giama or Church, says his Prayers, and returns home, where his Wife, Concubine, or Slave hath his Breakfast ready for him, which is sometimes made of Barley, or Wheat Gruel — I have been often Treated with warm Bread, fresh Butter and Honey in a Morning, as also a Hasty-pudding with Butter. In Sufe I had a Bag of Honey presented to me with Poppy Seeds in it, it made me sleepy,
but

but I found my self well and in good Temper of Body after it.

They seldom use a Knife, and a Fork is a strange thing amongst them. They are dextrous at this way of Carving, and never flinch tho' they burn their Fingers, for that would look mean; when they have done they lick their Fingers, as Plow-Men do in our Country. After they have eat the Meat, they dip the Bread in the Sauce or Broth, and eat it. For their Meat to be strongly seasoned is no great fault and if one should say, it's too high of Pepper, they will reply, It's better to be Ah then Faugh.

They have good Capons, Snipes, Pipers and Antelopes. They'll eat a Fox if fat, but not if lean; whence the Proverb, Hallel Deeb, haram Deeb. A Fox is lawful, and a Fox is Unlawful, i. e. Fat lawful, Lean unlawful.

When the Moors have feasted, every one washes his Hands and Mouth, thanks God—they talk a little, or tell some Story, and then lie down to rest, where I shall leave them at the present, and do beg your Pardon for so tiresome and frivolous a Discourse

Gent. Upon my Word Sir, I think, your Friend concludes rightly.

Transact. Concludes rightly, Sir, why all my Friends conclude so.

Gent. Ay, to be Tiresome and Frivolous.

ibid.

Transact. O dear Sir, no; but if the length of this, has been something tedious; I will now entertain you with one which may make amends; for Numb. 249. we received the following Letter, *Herewith you will receive a Cervus Volans, divers sorts of Scarabs, and three or four sorts of Lady-Buggs.* But not to pass too much Time away upon this, I shall rather tell you, That *Jeremiah Skelton, observing a Storm coming, said, I think it will be Rain, I will go and gather in some of the Corn——While at this Work, bringing in a Burden and casting it upon the Barn floor, the Tempest begun as he came forth again; whereupon he stept aside for shelter into the Barn Door, and while there, was struck with a dreadful flash of Fire. A Young Woman that lived with her Father in the House that belong'd to this Farm, leaves the House, and not seeing the Young Man about the Barn, goes with speed and tells the Family he was related to, That she feared he was slain. They came to the Barn and found it even so, a sad Spectacle! His Clogs driven from his Feet, one not to be found and the other cloven, and his Hat not to be found after search. This Young Man would have been 22 Years of Age next June, is said to have been sober and hopeful, was Buryed at Luddenden the Monday following.*

To this, I have but Two more Philosophical Matters to add, the first is, an Account of the Generation of Fleas. See Numb. 249. p. 2. At last is discovered by the Indefatigable
In-

Industry of Signior D'iacinto Cestone, the true way of the Generation of Fleas, their Worms, and entire Metamorphoses which have hitherto been obscure, tho' sought after. The Fleas bring forth Eggs (or a sort of Nits) from these Eggs are hatched Worms; these Worms make to themselves Bags like Silk-Worms, and from out of these Bags come Fleas.

Having thus given you an Historical Account of the Generation of Fleas. I shall proceed to a Discourse of Coffee, Numb. 256. p. 311. *Of the Berries Boyled in Water, is made a Drink, and drank much amongst the Arabians and Turks, and also now in Europe.*

As for the manner of its being first made a Trade of in England, I shall give you the following Account, Anno 1652. *One Edwards came over into England, and Married the Daughter of one Alderman Hodges—This Hodges setled to drink Coffee with Edwards with much delight. After this, Edwards set up one Pasqua for a Coffee-Man—The Ale-house keepers fearing it would spoil their Trade, Petitioned the Lord Mayor against him. Upon this Hodges joined as a Partner with Pasqua one Bowman, at the last Pasqua dyed, and Bowman kept the Trade—and when he dyed left his Wife, who had been Hodges's Cook-Maid, pretty Rich; but she dyed Poor.*

John Painter was Bowman's first Apprentice, Bowman dyed, and after a Year his Wife let the House to one Batler, whose Daughter Married

Marryed Humphrey Hodskins Bowman's *second Apprentice*. And after some time the Trade grew universal; but what was the Rise of *Batsons, Wills, or Richards*, I cannot tell.

But this I have been told, *Coffee* hath greatly *encreased the Trade of Tobacco and Pipes, Earthen Dishes, Tin Wares, News Papers, Coals, Candles, Sugar, Tea, Chocolate, and what not? Coffe-houses make all Sorts of People sociable, they improve Arts and Merchandize, and all other Knowledge. And a Worthy Member of this Society, has thought that Coffee-Houses have Improved Useful Knowledge very much.*

I thought to have proceeded to give you an Historical Account of the most Remarkable Trades in *England*, as Chimney-Sweeping, Tinkers, Pedlars, &c. And what were the Names of those that were first of that Employment, as also the Names of their Apprentices, and who they Marryed: But since I have pressed upon your Patience so long, I shall force no more upon you than you are willing to bear. But pray, let me ask your Opinion of these *Philosophical Transactions*, and what Thoughts you have of my Friends; are they not Men that take a great deals of Pains to Improve Knowledge; and let nothing pass that's worth Noting?

Gent. Much Pains, it must be allowed ye have taken, 'tis pity ye had not consider'd to what Purpose.

Transact.

Transact. Why, is there not a great deal of Natural Knowledge to be learned from what I have wrote, and Published ?

Gent. Sir, one may learn how prettily You and your Correspondents are Employ'd: But nothing that will make a Man wiser, or more a Philosopher; for what am I the wiser, for knowing *the Mice creep into holes, or how nastily the Moors pull their Meat?* Nor is what you have acquainted me with, of the Generation of Fleas; any more than what a Lowzy Beggar could have told many Years ago. And as for your Coffee Story, I take it to be a Tale fit to be Related only amongst Old Women, and Mechanicks.

Transact. And is that all you can see in such Improvements ?

Gent. No, Sir, it's not all, for your Correspondent tells us, That *Coffee* promotes the *Tobacco Trade*, and consumes *Pipes* and *Candles*. But I suppose, any Coffee-Woman knows that, without the assistance of your Friend to inform her.

Transact. Well, since I see you are resolved not to think so well of my Correspondents as I could wish; I beg your Pardon for entertaining you so long with

with such Philosophical Relations, which I perceive, instead of diverting, have made you uneasy. But yet, I must tell you, my Correspondents will not be discouraged from pursuing their Design, though the whole World Laugh at them.

FINIS.



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